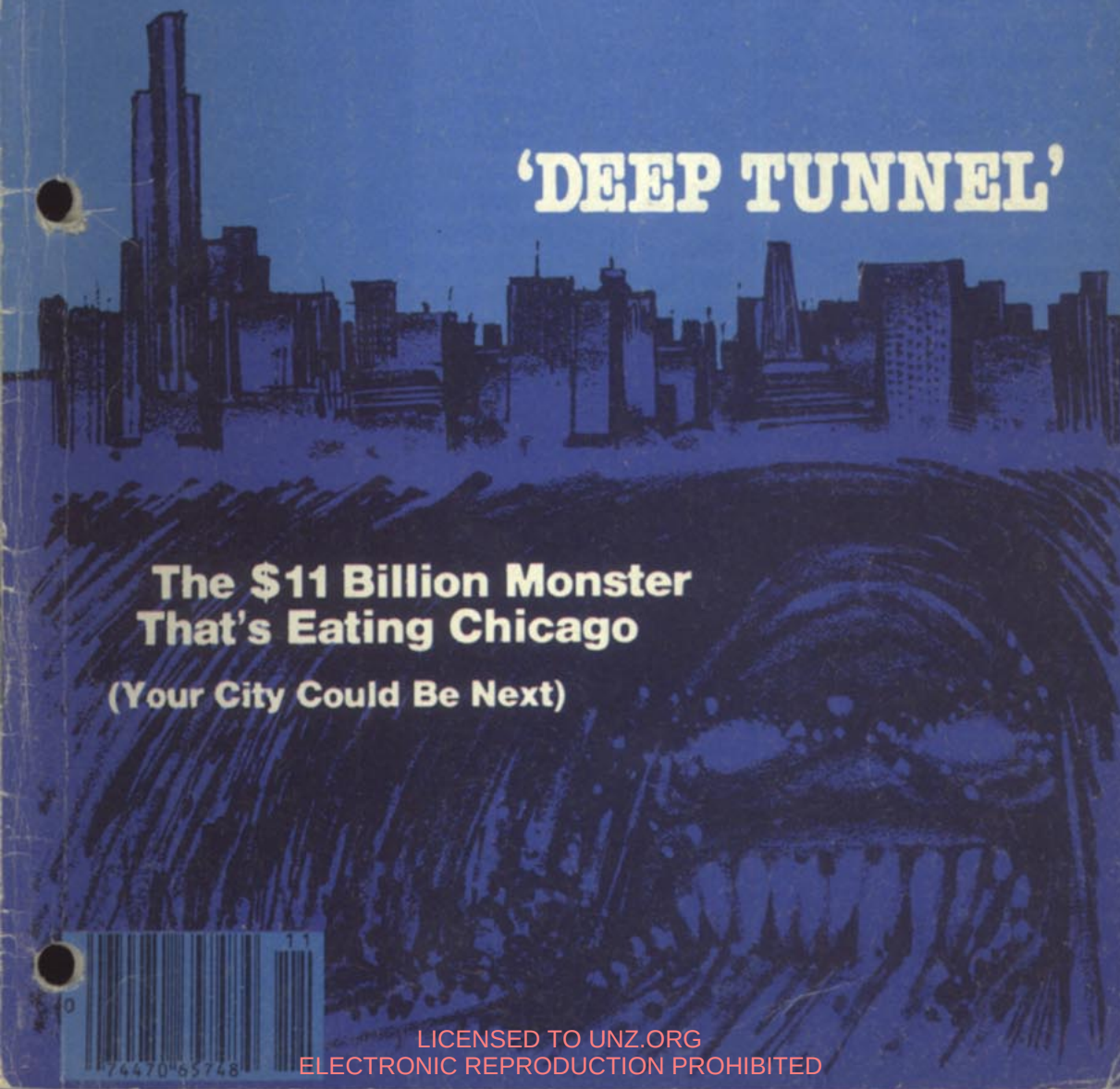
THE POST GIVES THE MAYOR A FREE RIDE
BAILING OUT ON CARTER
BURSTING THE REAL ESTATE BUBBLE
SEX SELLS THE BOMB

The Washington Monthly

NOVEMBER 1979/$2.00



'DEEP TUNNEL'

The $11 Billion Monster That's Eating Chicago

(Your City Could Be Next)

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Why this one-of-a-kind invention didn't end up as the only one of its kind.

Every new invention needs another new invention—the one that can mass-produce it at an affordable cost.

For example, Bell Labs invented a process for making the glass rods from which hair-thin fibers used in lightwave communications can be drawn. The fibers have far greater capacity than conventional copper wires, so they'll help keep costs down. In fact, they've been carrying voice, data, and video signals under city streets for about two years in a Bell System demonstration.

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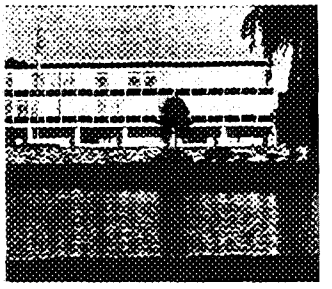

and processes. They provide Western Electric factories with pre-tested, proven ways to manufacture products based on the latest technology coming out of the laboratory.

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Letters

Cessnas and Pipers and Safety

I don't share your anxieties about flying in small planes ["Tilting at Windmills," September 1979] but I do get a little anxious about your interpretation of accident statistics. *Any* mid-air collision is likely to involve Cessnas or Pipers—because the American air lanes are populated almost exclusively by Cessnas and Pipers.

WALT ZIMMERMAN
Baker, Oregon

Television News

If Professor James David Barber is so concerned with eliminating the "foreign language" of a difficult vocabulary from TV news reporting ["What Network News Should Be," September 1979] why does he commit to paper sentences such as: "The viewer is deprived of criteria of relevance derived from anticipated consequences"?

PAUL R. REED
Red Bluff, California

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Productivity Mythology

Re "lagging American productivity" ["Tilting at Windmills," September 1979], the American factory worker isn't a dolt or a laggard, nor does the data suggest that if he were only like those little brown people or those disciplined Teutonics who understand obedience this would be a better country.

In its *Economic Quarterly* (August 1978) the Dresdner Bank of West Germany concluded that the American worker produces 24 per cent more than the German worker and 32 per cent more than the Japanese worker. And from 1967 to 1977, unit labor costs have risen much more slowly in the U.S. than in other major industrial nations. . . . The data shows that U.S. productivity slumps have been in the service sector, such as newspapers and magazines, and other non-manufacturing areas. Manufacturing productivity has not declined.

I've worked in factories and I've worked in newspaper offices, and I've never found anyone at any typewriter who ever said he was going to throw it all away to find peace on the assembly line.

RAY DENISON
Fairfax, Virginia

Productivity in the private sector is virtually impossible to measure accurately. . . . If there is a sincere desire by government and industry to increase productivity, then a fast tax write-off for machinery and equipment and automation is vital—and industry must be willing to invest in new, high-speed equipment.

Significantly, the much-maligned auto industry has had an annual productivity increase of 3.9 per cent over the five-year period from 1972 to 1977. Much of this results from [being able to] write off equipment and automation as "tools" with a short useful life when they are used only for the model year.

JAMES F. FAGAN
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

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While The News Media Watch The World

Who Watches The News Media?

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Tilting at Windmills

I am sure that one of the words Joe Kraft wants engraved on his tombstone is "responsible." Yet during the Russian Brigade "crisis," here is what he said about Carter on a Washington television program: "Flaccid. . . not even flexing his pinkies. . . a good deal more like Perry Como than Woody Hayes. . . wants to weasel out of a confrontation."

But Kraft was far from the worst offender. That honor has to go to Frank Church, who created the crisis so he could shed his own Perry Como image with the voters of Idaho, to whom he must submit himself next year. . . . The hero of the episode—and it has to have been the silliest crisis in modern American history—was Robert Byrd, who was practically the only prominent official to remain calm. . . .

We seem to have been going through some kind of silly season. And a lot of it has been going on at *The Washington Post,* where much of the staff's energy during September was devoted to a battle between the Metro and National desks over who would cover the Papal visit. Both sides won, with the result that readers were treated to at least ten Pope stories a day during the first week of October. Then there was the *Post*'s reaction when Carter dropped out of a six-mile run at four miles. The *Post*, as part of its banner-headline, three-story treatment, called the course "a stroll in the forest. . . . not considered challenging for a runner in training." This was wrong and seriously wrong. Veteran runners who participated in the event characterized the course as "very challenging," "toughest course. . . ever competed on," "very rugged. . . one of the most demanding in the area," "one of the toughest they had ever seen." To the *Post*'s credit it printed those comments in its Letters column, where they were available to those of us who read letters to the editor. But nowhere did I see an apology from Colman McCarthy or David Broder, the principal reporters involved, or from the *Post* itself for the 106 inches devoted to a story that wasn't a story because of its mistaken essential premise: that there was something physically or mentally (yes, the *Post* even suggested this possibility) wrong with the President because he couldn't complete the race. . . . If Broder was disgraceful in this case, he was a hero in his long article comparing Carter and Kennedy on the issues. He was the first reporter to go beyond "who's ahead in the polls" coverage and tackle this important subject. . . .

I believe that we must act on the assumption that there is hope for mankind. But I have to concede that the facts often fail to rally to the support of my assumption. A recent column by Ann Landers reminded me

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that in one survey 70 per cent of American parents said that if they could reconsider they would not have children, and that in another poll over 75 per cent of high school students said they would trade in their parents if they could. Their first two choices for father: Burt Reynolds and Lee Majors. For mother: Jaclyn Smith and Cheryl Ladd. Farrah Fawcett-Majors came in fifth as Mom and Cheryl Tiegs was fourth, as was Lou "The Hulk" Ferrigno as Dad.... Another item that shakes one's faith in the people—or, to be more precise, in the people's representatives—is the House's recent victory over both common sense and the administration in compelling the construction of another nuclear-powered aircraft carrier. This one, the *Nimitz,* will cost $2.36 billion and is needed just about as much as a Maginot Line on the Canadian border....

The army's reaction to its recent recruiting scandals has been typical of the military. One hundred and twenty-three recruiting sergeants have been relieved from duty. How many officers? Come on, guess! Three.... But two of the sergeants have become *Washington Monthly* heroes. They have filed charges against a brigadier general and two colonels for "condoning, encouraging, and trying to cover up" recruiting violations....

They're busy reorganizing over at the Small Business Administration. Regional Directors will now be called Area Directors. In the Johnson administration, they were called Area Administrators, with the next level down called Regional Director. Under Nixon, the Area Administrators became Regional Directors and the Regional Directors became District Directors. Now you understand how Washington really changes with each new administration.... Another lesson in Washington reality is contained in a recent article by Howie Kurtz of *The Washington Star.* According to Kurtz, federal auditors came across $62,500-worth of brand new chairs, cabinets, and sofas stacked in a Denver warehouse. The Department of Housing and Urban Development, which had been paying $800 a month for more than a year to store the furniture, had originally ordered it in September 1978, just before the close of the fiscal year. Does this make you suspect that the sofas were purchased as part of HUD's last-minute drive to spend its budget and avoid an embarrassing surplus? If so, your suspicions find some support in the report of the auditors, who concluded that HUD "did not purchase the furniture based on actual requirements... but merely to exhaust fiscal 1978 appropriation balances before the authority to obligate funds lapsed." Also joining the annual spending spree was HEW's Office of Education. Kurtz's article featured a memo written by a top education official to then-Commissioner Ernest L. Boyer, three weeks before the end of the budget year. The memo contained this urgent message: "We have been able to identify $2,049,000... for Fiscal Year 1978 which we are now able to declare surplus.... These funds can be made available to you to allocate as you see fit.... We need to move quickly as these funds lapse at midnight on Sept. 30." The memo then proposed that $60,000 quickly be spent for the "remodeling of the commissioner's and executive deputy commissioners' offices." It also suggested a list of education groups that might be willing to receive last minute windfalls—including, for example, a $100,000-plus-expenses contract for the National Association of Elementary School Principals... Incidentally, HUD spent 49 per cent of its budget in the last month of the 1978 fiscal year...

Another absurdity of the federal government is the way it arrives at salaries for its new employees. They are based almost entirely on previous earnings and academic credentials. Except at the lower level, where actual skill—typing and shorthand, for example—is sometimes considered,

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how good you really are has very little to do with what you are paid. Even if the references tell you that A can perform much better than B, and even if it's a writing job and you know A's samples are infinitely superior to B's, B will be paid more if he had made more in his previous job.

Most of my friends regard our campaign to get the Treasury to call in the big bills as one of *The Washington Monthly*'s more bizarre eccentricities. I want them to know, however, that the cause is gaining adherents. Dan Greenberg recently supported it in *The Washington Post* and a Treasury Department task force has recommended "a study of the circulation of $50 and $100 bills because of their use in the drug trade and gambling." Of course, by the time the study is completed and action is finally taken, the Mafia will have had time to get all its high-denomination bank notes changed into something less suspicious. I can see all the consiglieres crowded around tellers' windows exchanging their C-notes for Susan B. Anthonys. . . .

William Perry is now the second most powerful man in the Pentagon, in charge of both planning and procurement. This is not good news, because he is devoted to the advancement of high-cost technology and lacks the experience to perceive the practical problems presented by his fancy equipment, or to understand and encourage low-cost solutions to military problems. . . . Henry Helstoski, who served as a congressman from New Jersey from 1965 through 1976, was indicted during the last year of his incumbency for taking $8,735 in bribes from illegal aliens in return for introducing legislation that would make them legal. In June of last year the Supreme Court ruled that the government could not use evidence of Helstoski's legislative acts against him, and last month the bribery charges were dismissed. This means that congressmen are free to accept any bribe, so long as the quid pro quo is legislative action . . . . When Sam Nunn, who has attained a reputation as a defense expert and an advocate of increased defense spending, was recently asked to name the projects on which he would spend the extra money, he was unable to name specifics. . . . Nunn is a phony and that's a shame. We desperately need a real defense expert in the Senate. Gary Hart comes closest, but he's a liberal, and when it comes to national security, I always want to hear—even though I might not follow—the views of a truly sophisticated rightist. . . . Speaking of defense, for a new approach to reducing its costs, see page 57. . . .

The Chicago Tribune has played a great role in the history of free speech. In 1942 it advanced the cause of political discussion by printing the news that we had broken the Japanese code. Now it has joined the parade of publications that have printed technical details about the H-bomb. *The Progressive*'s article, by Howard Morland, which started the whole thing, has also finally been published. It, too, explains such technical concepts as the role of radiation pressure, "a term," it proudly notes, "never mentioned in the open literature." Why did they do it? According to *The Washington Star*, Morland told a press conference that "he hopes to remind people that nuclear weapons are real physical devices, not abstract expressions of good or evil." But Morland didn't have to go to all that trouble just to remind us that H-bombs are "real physical devices"—my guess is that most of us have suspected they are not "abstract expressions" since the first one exploded 27 years ago. However, Morland says he also wants to "stimulate public participation in the formulation of public policy." Yet his justifications have always missed one basic point: You don't have to print the chemical formula of dynamite

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to understand its effects. And you don't have to talk about "radiation pressure" to discuss the dangers of the H-bomb. The recent *technical* disclosures have done nothing to advance the cause of free *political* discussion, which I believe is the heart of the First Amendment.

The publicity and drama surrounding the revelations of the *Tribune, Progressive,* and their friends probably means that we will soon see city rooms awash with submarine blueprints, while reporters piece together shredded missile manuals and elbow aside KGB agents in Defense Department libraries as they race to xerox whatever documents the Pentagon has accidentally declassified this week. . . .

The lead story on the front page of *The Washington Star* for September 25 of this year began:

"Consumer prices soared 1.1 per cent last month mainly because of rapid increases in energy and housing costs, the Labor Department reported today."

One wonders why, if energy and housing prices are the problem, the government doesn't attack them. In the case of housing, supply is the problem, so we need to encourage more construction (see Nicholas Lemann's article on page 41). In the case of energy, supply may be a problem in the future but today the problem is cartel pricing, so we should use rationing and every other economic weapon we can find to make OPEC lower its prices to a point where they have a reasonable relation to the cost of production. Instead, the government is following the high interest path to recession, a policy that could destroy thousands of businesses and millions of jobs and will do little to lower the costs of energy or housing, the two principal factors in inflation.

—*Charles Peters*

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Tell Me What You See in These Etchings, Miss Hotchkins...

A fourth of the women receiving doctorates in psychology over the past six years engaged in sexual activity with their professors, according to a recent survey cited in *The Wall Street Journal.* However, only three per cent of male psychology students had sexual experience with female professors. "Men tend to engage in sexual conduct as teachers, supervisors, and administrators," the study concluded, "while women participate more often as students."

Tidbits & Outrages

Let Them Squint at the Pumps

You may have noted the disappearance of those big price signs at gas stations. Most of them seem to have vanished when they were at about 69.9¢ per gallon, leaving only the .9 preceded by a large blank space. The Sunnyvale, California city council recently asked local stations to start posting prices again. The Santa Clara County Service Station Dealers protested: "The result," they said, "would be encouragement of price competition at the retail level."

...And How About You, Flyboy?

If you've ever wanted to get even with psychologists, let astronaut Pete Conrad be your guide.

"In one test," Tom Wolfe writes in *The Right Stuff,* "the interviewer gave each candidate a blank sheet of paper and asked him to study it and describe what he saw on it. There was no one right response in this sort of test, because it was designed to force the candidate to free-associate in order to see where his mind wandered. The test-wise pilot knew that the main thing was to stay on dry land and not go swimming... quite a few studied the sheet of paper and then looked the interviewer in the eye and said, 'All I see is a blank sheet of paper.' This was not a 'correct' answer, since the shrinks probably made note of 'inhibited imaginative capacity' or some goddamned thing, but neither did it get you in trouble. One man said, 'I see a field of snow.' Well, you might get away with that, as long as you didn't go any further... as long as you did not thereupon start ruminating about freezing to death or getting lost in the snow and running into bears or something of that sort. But Conrad... well, the man is sitting across the table from Conrad and gives him the sheet of paper and asks him to study it and tell him what he sees. Conrad stares at the piece of paper and then looks up at the man and says in a wary tone, as if he fears a trick: 'But it's upside down.'"

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DOT Invents the 1.3- Man Car Pool

By law, 90 per cent of the 16,500 parking spaces allocated to employees of the executive branch of the federal government are supposed to be reserved for car pools.

Yet when *The Washington Star's* Thomas Crosby and Patti Yu visited the garages of the Environmental Protection Agency and the Department of Transpartation—two government agencies that should be zealous about enforcing this edict—the reporters found 47 people coming to work in the 37 cars checked at EPA, and 104 employees using the 80 cars checked at DOT.

Après Ça, Le Déluge

"Voulez-vous remplir ces fiches?"

That's one of the interesting phrases you learn very early when you study French at the State Department. In translation:

"Would you fill out these forms?"

Just Let Me Put You on Hold for a Moment, Mr. President

In case you missed it, here is a memorable item from William Shawcross's *Sideshow:*

"Long after President Nixon's taping system was discovered, it was revealed that Henry Kissinger recorded his telephone calls as a matter of course. Robert Keatley, the *Wall Street Journal*'s diplomatic correspondent, obtained the transcripts of one series of calls that Kissinger had made in March 1976, eighteen months after Nixon resigned from office. They referred to a report that Nixon had just written for President Ford on his recent trip to China, and they serve to illustrate the extraordinary relationship that existed between the former President and his principal adviser.

In one call, Kissinger was talking to Nixon...and, in another, to the current Vice-President, Nelson Rockefeller.

'Mr. President,' the Secretary began in the first call, 'I wanted you to know I have read the report and I find it very fascinating.'

'As I said, there is a lot of things that are repetitive,' replied Nixon.

'But that too is interesting. The fact there is repetition is interesting,' Kissinger said.

'... I'm not sure that maybe some of your other people saw it, but you could see the subtlety of the analysis I was making.'

'I thought you were very, very clever.'

Nixon recounted what he had told the Chinese about Taiwan.

'I thought you were very, very good on this,' Kissinger replied.

Nixon mentioned his discussions on SALT. Kissinger responded, 'I thought that was very clever.'

A short time later Kissinger was on the telephone to Nelson Rockefeller, for whom he had once worked.

'... I have read the Nixon report on his trip now,' said Kissinger to his patron. 'He is such an egomaniac. All he wrote was—'

'—his memoirs,' interjected Rockefeller.

'Just what he said. Nothing what the Chinese said. Practically nothing. A fascinating account of himself,' agreed Kissinger.

'I love it...,' the Vice-President responded."

Can Lo-Cal Roller Frisbee Be Far Behind?

The International Entrepreneurs Association, "a nonprofit organization that produces seminars to help new entrepreneurs succeed in business," offers a newsletter for $24 a year with "inside details of the newest moneymakers in California... businesses that are *spreading quickly but haven't hit every city yet* (possibly your chance to be the first in your town)." These are some of the hot items to anticipate in the 1980s: Pet Cemeteries, Green Plant Rental Services, Chocolate Chip Cookie Stores, Low-Cal Bakeries, Frisbee Golf Courses, Vacuum Cleaner Dust Recycling, Plastic Ice Rinks (Hot Weather Skating), Mind Control Clinics, Coin-Operated Coat Check Systems, Adults-Only Motels, Voice-Analysis Lie Detection Services, Bust-Developing Clinics, Sculptured-Candle Shops, Dive-for-a-Pearl Shops, and "a machine that paints wall-size murals in minutes from any color photo—just developed by Japanese."

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DAVID SEAVEY

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Barry in Africa: How Washington's Mayor Got a Free Ride

by Joseph Nocera

Senator William L. Scott of Virginia has retired, but it will be a long time before he is forgotten in Washington. Among reporters, especially, he will always be remembered warmly for the way he improved our lives by providing such a steady supply of richly entertaining copy. Who could ever forget the man they called "the king of junketeers"—a man who had traveled to 38 countries (some of them repeatedly) in just one six-year term in the Senate? And those quotes he gave us so regularly, the ones that did so much to liven up a story—who wouldn't remember them? Like the time, after returning from Panama, that he told a reporter: "I learned a lot about the canal. . . saw ships going both ways."

Joseph Nocera is an editor of The Washington Monthly. *He was assisted in the research for this article by Graham Beene.*

Or the time he cut short a briefing on the intricacies of relations between Pakistan and Afghanistan, a briefing that threatened to divert him from his hiking plans, asking: "Now where is this Khyber Pass?"

Not having covered Scott, I could only take vicarious pleasure in his exploits, most of which I read about in *The Washington Post*. During Scott's term, the *Post* was the paper that appeared to be having the most fun covering the footloose senator. Every few weeks, it seemed, the *Post* ran another story highlighting Scott's penchant for overseas excursions. It even reached the point where Scott's junketeering began to find its way into *Post* stories that had nothing whatsoever to do with his travels. One story, for example, on the subject of how area congressmen spent their office allowances, began this way: "Senator

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William Scott may be one of the more traveled members of Congress, but he's a pennypincher when it comes to spending the taxpayers' money for the operation of his office."

For people who enjoyed these digs at Scott, though, the high point in the *Post*'s coverage came in March, 1978, when Scott and 13 other congressmen attended a meeting of the Interparliamentary Union conference in Lisbon. The *Post* sent a reporter along, too, and lest there be any doubt in the minds of *Post* readers as to why he was there, the paper went to great lengths to telegraph its point. There was, for example, the series logo—a picture of a suitcase superimposed on a globe, under the title: "Passage to Portugal: A Diary of a Junket." Just a few paragraphs into the first story of the series, the *Post* reporter gave about as clear a description of the underlying purpose of the IPU conferences as had ever been seen in print, noting that "the IPU conference now under way is the grandfather of junkets. Senators and congressmen and their wives have been coming to these meetings since 1889."

The diary itself left nothing to the imagination; this was a full-frontal junket, with everything laid bare—the costs, the shopping sprees, the side trips to London and Paris, the essential worthlessness of the meetings themselves—and all splashed happily across the front page. With its use of barbed sentences and pointed phrases ("king of junketeers") the series went straight for the jugular—and I must admit, I loved it.

My admiration for the series notwithstanding, these details are not culled from memory. No, I have been rereading all the Scott junket clips to see if they were as tough as I had remembered (they were). I have been rereading them because, it turns out, this past July the *Post* was back on the junket beat. As I read this latest series, I was struck by how much the *Post*'s coverage seemed. . . er. . . *different* this time around. What had happened to those barbed sentences and leering phrases? Where were the tough questions and amusing anecdotes? What, in fact, had happened to the word *junket,* bandied about so promiscuously when the subject had been William Scott?

Well, I read this new series, and then I read it again, and the truth is, I couldn't find any of these things. And the more I read of it, the more I realized that the *Post* had found a whole new approach to covering junkets. The first clue, again, was the series logo—"African Journal," it proclaimed boldly (as opposed to, say, "African *Junket*").

'Spiritual Awakening'

What was going on here, I wondered. Well, the first obvious difference was that this was not some congressional buffoon on a congressional junket—this was Washington's own mayor, the Honorable Marion Barry, on a *mayoral* junket. That's a big difference right there. In case you don't know much about him, I should tell you that although Barry has been in office for only a year, he already has proved to have a Midas touch with the press. There was the time, for instance, when Barry and about 70 District officials took off for a weekend of "management sessions" at Coolfont, a resort in West Virginia. The weekend cost the D.C. government about $10,000, but Barry assured *The Washington Star*'s city hall reporters before leaving that the money would be well spent. "The District services will benefit because the delivery system of the city's services will be improved," Barry said. However, since the photo the *Star* ran showed some of the officials weighted down with tennis equipment, it was difficult to tell when exactly the mayor and his aides would be able to squeeze in time to discuss the delivery of services. Maybe between sets.

There was a second big difference between Barry's trip and Scott's. Barry is black, and this trip was to Africa—so it had a *Roots*-like quality to it. Barry talked a lot about "personal growth" and "spiritual awakening." Now I

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certainly don't begrudge a man the chance to experience a little of his ancestral heritage first-hand. Still, I had to admit I was at a loss to understand why I was helping to pay for his first-hand experience. I thought the *Post* might explain this to me. But after reading all the stories in "African Journal" (over a dozen in the space of 18 days) I *still* don't have any idea why I was helping to pay for the mayor of Washington, D.C., to visit Africa.

The closest I came to understanding the purpose of the trip came from this paragraph written by Milton Coleman, the *Post*'s city hall ace, just before the mayor left:

"'From a black perspective, it's important that black leadership understand, be a part of, and identify with what's happening in Africa,' Barry said. When asked what tangible results city residents would see come out of the trip, he answered candidly, 'They might not see much. I don't promise that.'"

Well, that *was* candid, wasn't it? Almost as candid, I thought, as some of the things William Scott used to say on his government-paid junkets, the kind of remark that used to be perfect fodder for a skeptical *Post* reporter. But remember, this was a new era of junket coverage. So, in addition to letting the remark pass, Coleman also didn't mention that it was Barry who *asked* for this trip by bringing it up with the International Communication Agency, the junket-granting division of the federal government—requesting that ICA set up an agenda for him and pick up the tab (in the old days, you could really get slammed for asking the government to pay for your vacation). Nor did Coleman say a thing about the fact that in addition to stops in Senegal, Liberia, Kenya, Zambia, and Tanzania, the ICA was also paying for the mayor to spend a night in Rome, a city that was not in Africa the last time I checked; nor did he bother to point out what Barry would be missing while on his little jaunt—namely the most important vote of the year for D.C. residents, the Congressional vote on the District budget bill.

A Different Perspective

But despite Coleman's obvious affinity for the *Post*'s new approach, he didn't get to go to Africa with the mayor. The on-the-scene reporting was handled by a member of the *Post*'s African team, Alice Bonner. Although Bonner is stationed a long, long way from the newsroom, it was clear soon enough that she was fully in tune with the new policy. To give you the flavor of "African Journal," I've synopsized some of its highlights:

July 15: "A few hours after emerging from his jet yesterday into the hot morning sun of this historic center of black African culture," wrote Bonner, "District of Columbia Mayor Marion Barry said he had experienced a 'spiritual awakening.'"

Barry's first stop was Dakar, Senegal, and the first official he met was Dakar Mayor Lamine Diack. There were handshakes and effusive praise all around. "There is a spiritual bond between mayors although we may not speak the same language," Barry said, adding that because Dakar, like Washington, was a federally controlled city, the two cities ought to become "sister cities." There was a round of discussion about this. Later, Barry told a television reporter traveling with him that "one of the first purposes" of the visit was "personal pleasure." He added that "[E]ven if the citizens of the District don't get a thing out of this, it would still be worth it to get a different perspective." Bonner reported this remark in the 14th paragraph of her story, well after the editors had jumped it from the front page of the Metro section to some place deep within the paper.

July 17: This was a great day for Barry's wife Effi. In a village in Senegal, it was announced that a prenatal and infant care center would be named for her. She cried over this, later telling "African Journal" that "it was very touching." Effi's husband wondered: "Could [the clinic] use some additional equipment? We have 13

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hospitals in the District and maybe I could get them to donate something." For the first time on the trip, Barry also promised to help an African country get U.S. aid. And Bonner, not content with simply reporting what Barry was doing and saying, hustled up this quote from an ICA official who told her the trip was "well worth" the expense: "We get a lot of mileage out of a trip like this," he said. Alas, her story ended before she had a chance to ask him what he meant.

July 18: The headline in today's *Washington Post,* emblazoned across the top of the Metro section, reads: "'I've Got to Come Back—I Can't Do It All in One Trip.'" In an earlier age, a politician who promised to take a *second* junket while the first was still in full bloom might be in for some big trouble. Not now. According to Bonner, Barry was "brimming with excitement," and "wide-eyed" over all the sights he was seeing, the people he was meeting, and especially over all the respect he was getting in Africa. "Sekou Toure wants me to come to Guinea. Obasanjo wants me to come to Nigeria. It's fantastic," Barry was quoted as saying. "They all want me to come. I've got to come back. . . .'"

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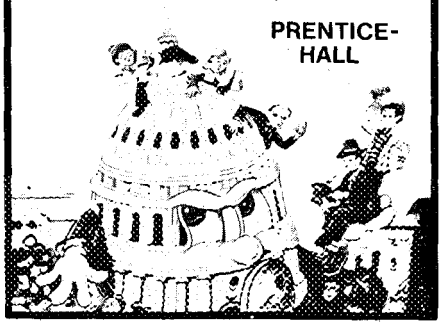

July 20: Today, Barry received the key to the city of Monrovia. It was solid gold, he was told, and worth over $500. Reported Bonner: "Barry joked that he would have it 'melted down.'" (She did not describe the reactions of his hosts.) In return for the gift, Barry promised that Monrovia too could become a sister city to Washington. "Washington is big enough to have two sister cities," he proclaimed.

July 23: The big item today was Barry's declaration to Bonner that upon returning to Washington, he would become a lobbyist—in addition to his duties as mayor. "There is hardly any lobby for Africa in Washington," he said, "and there is, for example, a very powerful Jewish lobby."

"Barry thinks he is the person to fill that vacuum," reported Bonner. "'Why not?' he asked. 'I work 14 or 16 hours a day. I can take an hour to testify before a committee.'" Barry promised, specifically, to try to influence the Agency for International Development to expand its "philosophy" to include large projects for Africa, such as hydroelectric power plants.

The day was marred slightly when someone—it is unclear who—asked Barry why he was taking this trip. According to Bonner, Barry was suitably "indignant" that anyone would ask such a thing, and quickly shot back: "No one would ever question Ed Koch going to Israel." Sounding a familiar theme, he explained: "If nothing else comes of it, just being away from Washington and getting a different perspective is beneficial to the citizens of the District."

July 24: Today we learned that the mayor isn't the only member of this entourage busy in Africa. His wife Effi has had a pretty tough assignment too. This installment of "African Journal" consists of a lovely feature on Effi, and in the 19th paragraph, Bonner reveals that "Effi Barry has actually been working." Bonner seems awed. "Recently promoted to assistant vice president for marketing for Pacific

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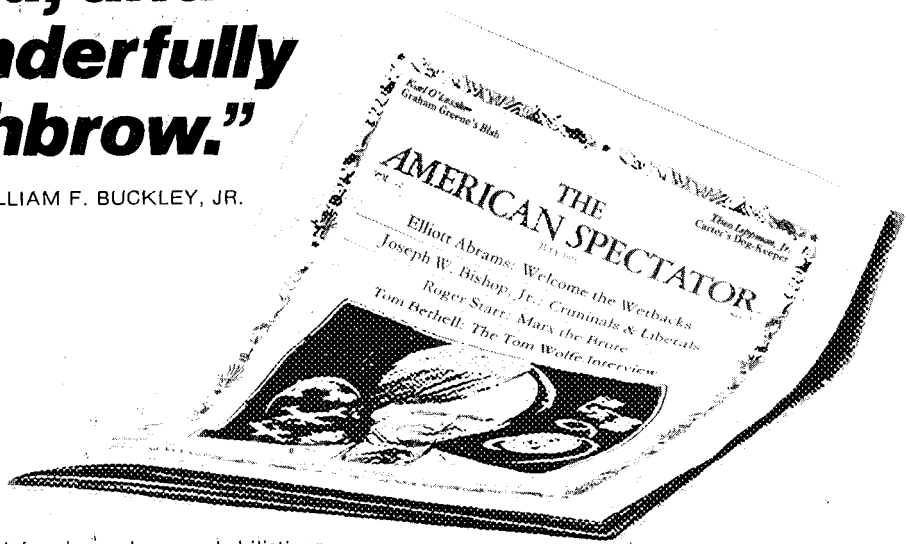

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Consulting, her Washington employer," Bonner writes, "Barry said the firm sponsored her trip to Africa and that she had made contacts for future business in each of the three countries." It turns out, by some coincidence, that Effi Barry's employer contracts out with AID to develop projects in Africa. The red-carpet treatment her husband is receiving all over the continent might make Effi Barry's job a little easier, but Bonner chooses to discuss the hardships: "Effi Barry seems at ease with the role of a politician's wife while carrying on her career unobtrusively in the background. The full-time working wife of an elected official, Barry said, 'has to become accustomed to playing both roles.' "

OLD STYLE: This was the logo for *The Washington Post*'s series on the travels of Senator William Scott. . . .

July 25: Now in his fourth country—Kenya—Marion Barry once again promises to seek AID funds. He is not entirely happy, having been given only a stiff *pro forma* meeting with the president. But he is philosophical, telling Bonner: "[T]he main thing is that it is very unlikely that if [an African mayor] came to Washington, they would even get close to meeting with the president. Yet, it's four for four."

July 26: Today, Barry reached Dar Es Salaam in Tanzania for what turned out to be the highlight of the trip. Presumably alerted by the ICA, the Tanzanians apparently had been preparing for Barry's arrival for some time, and they pulled out all the stops. Before he left three days later, Barry had been wined and dined by practically the entire Tanzanian government, and was guest of honor at a state dinner described as more lavish than the one given by Tanzania for the Queen of England. Bonner probed further, and one official "confided" to her that Barry had received "a much larger reception than Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley received when he visited here in January." (And poor Bradley had even paid his own way.)

July 29: All good things must come to an end, even taxpayer-supported junkets to Africa. The schedule called for Barry to come home to shoulder the responsibilities of being mayor. But rest assured he would have plenty of things to remember his trip by. Today "African Journal" reported that Barry had been accepting gifts from foreign governments the whole time he was in Africa. In truth, Bonner didn't put it quite like that. Under the headline "D.C. Entourage Heads for Home Carrying Gifts and Satisfaction," she began: "Marion Barry and his entourage, who have been toasted and praised, dined and honored at every stop along their two-week journey through five countries, departed Africa today so laden with gifts that some had to be left behind for later shipment." Bonner closed the article with an assessment of the trip's impact, noting that Barry "said he feels 'much stronger as mayor. I've learned a lot here. It's going to help me do my job better. I'm confident.' " With that, "African Journal" ended.

It was only after Barry had returned to Washington that *Post* readers were let in on a smattering of the particulars of the trip. Buried in one story was the cost of the expedition to ICA (allegedly only a bit over $135 per day each for Barry and an aide), the information that Barry had requested the junket, and a brief description of what the ICA does. "The ICA," the story said, "regularly pays for foreign travels of prominent Americans to discuss various aspects of U.S. life"—a description that could have been lifted from an ICA lobby leaflet. The story did not say that "the ICA is the grandfather of all federal agencies when it comes to giving junkets," a statement that is equally true if somewhat less sympathetic, and one that more accurately reflects the *Post*'s stance in the days when it was writing about William Scott. But times, we must remember,

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have changed. Instead, the *Post* reported in matter-of-fact terms Barry's homecoming press conference, a conference in which the reporters accepted the mayor's extraordinary rule that no questions could be asked about any local issues. Barry used the occasion to call critics of the trip "not enlightened people."

Begging to Be Written

I suppose that's true. Neither Barry nor the media has enlightened me as to why a mayor should be able to take a vacation at government expense. No matter how many presidents he met, or how many hydroelectric plants he promised to lobby for, he was still vacationing from his responsibilities as mayor, and I was still paying for it.

What made matters especially strange was that the Metro section of *The Washington Post* seemed to agree with the mayor. Here is a section of the paper run by a fellow named Bob Woodward, an investigative reporter of no small repute. And here was a newspaper story that, for any number of reasons, was simply begging to be written. Marion Barry may be right when he says the papers would not criticize Koch for going to Israel, but it is hard to believe that they would be completely quiet if he went courtesy of the ICA while the New York loan guarantee was being voted on in Congress. Or, to take the analogy a little further, if the federal government paid for Dennis Kucinich to see Yugoslavia, or for Frank Rizzo to go to Italy.

Indeed, this junket was so ripe for the kind of newspaper criticism William Scott faced as a matter of course, I hardly know where to begin. Maybe I'll begin with the conflict-of-interest angle. *Post* reporters thrive on good conflict-of-interest stories.

Bonner may have thought the world of Effi Barry, but a rather good case can be made that Effi and her husband had stepped into the murky waters of conflict of interest. Effi Barry was in Africa trying to drum up business for her company, an AID contractor. Certainly her competition might feel it's a little unfair that she can make her African contacts while traveling with a husband who is being feted left and right. But that aside, if her husband plans to lobby for more AID money in Africa—money that Effi Barry's company would be eager to spend—isn't that the sort of situation guaranteed to set off alarms in a reporter's brain? As it happens, Marion Barry has already lobbied for more AID projects in talks with Rep. Steven Solarz, chairman of the House subcommittee on Africa, and others in Congress. Aren't most politicians raked over the coals when it is discovered they are doing something that might benefit a relative or the company they work for? (Isn't that why the newspapers were forever "exposing" Richard Daley's sons? And why, under somewhat different circumstances, they forced Marion Javits to quit her job as a lobbyist for Iran?) No wonder that, as Bonner puts it, Effi Barry is trying to do her job "unobtrusively."

Then there's the timing of the trip. For this I again turned to the *Post*, which informed me that the D.C. budget bill got bogged down because of a controversial abortion amendment. At about the same time, Barry was being toasted in Tanzania. But the *Post* never saw fit to connect these events. Instead, after Barry had returned, it reported, on the front page, his blasts at President Carter for failing to support the D.C. budget bill as strongly as he would have liked:

"Mayor Marion Barry," the story began, "criticized the White House yesterday for failing to support the

AFRICAN JOURNAL
Travels with Mayor Barry

NEW STYLE: This was the logo for *The Washington Post's* series on the travels of Mayor Marion Barry.

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city's pending budget requests in Congress. . . .

"'We did not have the lobbying and enthusiasm. . . that we thought we should have from presidential aides for financing city operations in the 1980 fiscal year,' Barry declared. . . ."

The story could have been written very differently if the *Post* had wanted to put the mayor's remarks in a different light. Like this, for example:

"Mayor Marion Barry criticized the White House yesterday for failing to support the city's pending budget requests in Congress. Barry was in Africa while the D.C. budget was tied up in Congress.

"'We did not have the lobbying and enthusiasm. . . that we thought we should have from presidential aides,' Barry declared. A White House official, who declined to be identified, responded that 'Barry should have been here lobbying for the District instead of promising to be a lobbyist for Africa. If he had been around, it would have made our job a lot easier,' the aide added. . . ."

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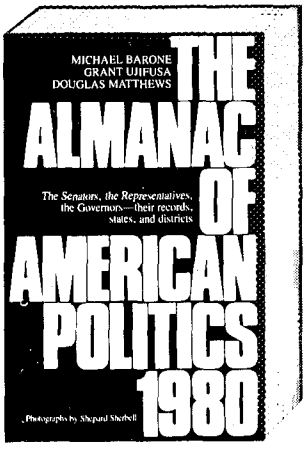
—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.



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Burdened With Gifts

But none of these angles—traveling at taxpayer expense, lobbying for the benefit of one's spouse, skipping town during a budget fight—compares with another aspect of the trip in terms of promising grist for the *Post*'s investigators. As I read about Mayor Barry returning home so burdened with gifts that he had to ship some of them on a separate plane, I started to think about the recent past. Other American officials, if my memory served me, had accepted gifts from foreign officials; if I wasn't mistaken, Richard Nixon was among them. . . yes. . . that was it. . . Nixon and his daughter Tricia and his wife Pat. . . it was coming back to me now. . . and it was in *The Washington Post* that I read about those gifts. Somehow the tone was very different then. There were *allegations* that the Nixon women were wearing some of the jewelry with which they had been burdened. . . and wasn't that a violation of something called the "Foreign Gifts and Decorations Act". . . and wasn't there a lot of hoopla when this wearing-of-baubles was *exposed* in the papers? And weren't the Nixons forced to give up their gifts in the face of a Justice Department investigation? Yes, now that I thought back on it, that was the gist of what had happened.

Thinking about that made me wonder about the propriety of Marion Barry's gift-taking, so I made a few phone calls to the State Department, the Justice Department, and the House Ethics Committee to see if the mayor of Washington was covered by the Foreign Gifts and Decorations Act. After a great deal of the usual hemming and hawing and looking at the fine print, it appeared that, well, nobody had asked them this question before, but, well, yes, that just might be the case.

So I went out and hunted up a copy of the law myself, and there it was, in black and white:

(a) For the purpose of this section—
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. . . (c) an individual employed by, or occupying an office or position in, the government of a territory or possession of the United States or the government of the District of Columbia. . . .

Any way I read it, the law applies to Marion Barry. It also covers spouses—as Pat Nixon discovered to her dismay—unless they are separated or divorced. Even the gold key to the city of Monrovia, whether Barry melts it down or not, is covered as a "decoration" (defined in the law as an "order, device, medal, badge, insignia, emblem or award").

I called the mayor's press office, asking for a list of the gifts, their value, and their disposition. Where are they now, and what does the mayor intend to do with them? When the mayor's office finally called back, they said, "It's been impossible to track that information down. No one around here can even find that key to the city he got."

I did stumble across an article in *The Washington Star* that provided a small part of an answer. "His [office] suite," the article said, "is decorated with gifts: a silver plate from the Libyans, a silver map of Cyprus from the Archbishop, a Japanese lacquer box from the Japanese prime minister. Some of his African gifts decorate his office." This was in the 47th paragraph of a story about Barry's new "international role." But the story said nothing about whether Barry plans to keep his gifts.

If he does, he is probably violating federal law—*doing something illegal.* Even his failure to file a *list* of the gifts would amount to a violation carrying a penalty of up to $5,000. Once upon a time these possibilities would have brought Bob Woodward to immediate attention. But I called him, and he wasn't biting. One the contrary, he defended the *Post's* coverage of Barry's excursion in unequivocal terms.

"I thought some pieces were awfully critical," Woodward told me. "We reported what Barry was actually doing in Africa, whom he met with and what his rhetoric was. People got a full idea of what was going on during this trip—and they could make up their own minds as to whether it was a good thing or not. A lot of people told me that our stories made Barry look quite foolish—and I'm told that Barry himself wasn't too happy with some of them." In short, said Woodward, the *Post* "ran a simple narrative that told the whole story. We had [Bonner] file every day to show that we were reporting everything he was doing."

That strikes me as a less than totally plausible defense, especially coming from a reporter whose reputation rests on his ability to do a good deal more than settle for reporting the public actions of an official. It doesn't begin to explain, for example, why the *Post* hasn't tallied every last gift that Barry received and explained what he's doing with them. That's an incredibly obvious story to any editor or reporter who thinks about it for more than a few seconds. So why hasn't it been done?

Racism Revisited

One answer might be that Marion Barry isn't on the same scale of importance as Richard Nixon. True, perhaps, but in Washington, he is certainly a lot more important than William L. Scott.

It seems to me that the real answer has to do with Barry's being black in an overwhelmingly black city, and with the *Post*'s being edited by people who are predominantly white, and who, if they have any politics at all, would admit to being liberally inclined—which would dispose them to be receptive to the rise of important black voices and politicians.

That attitude, no matter how well-intended, has allowed a double standard to creep into the *Post*'s coverage of black politicians—especially the one who probably counts the most to Washingtonians. It hits you in the face: there is one standard for covering William Scott, another for covering Marion Barry.

William Scott had large pockets of support in suburban Virginia—a major *Post* circulation area—but there

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was never any question in the newsroom that he was fair game. If the *Post*'s coverage upset a few readers, so be it; the editors would say they were just doing their job, let the chips fall where they may.

But Barry is not Scott: Barry is black, Barry is a former civil rights activist, a politician who has done very well for himself, the kind of person who has demonstrated that former radicals can find a home in "the system." He has come to symbolize a lot of good things to his constituents. It would upset many of them if he were subjected to the kind of treatment William Scott used to get in the *Post*. There would probably be some canceled subscriptions and angry letters to the editor. To its credit, the *Post* would probably resist such pressure.

But there would certainly be something else too: there would be accusations of racism. Any "white" paper like the *Post* that criticizes a black official has to learn to expect that. No matter how unfounded, it is a charge that nobody likes to be hit with. There has been—still is—so much racism in America that liberal whites cannot fully escape a sense of guilt, even when they haven't personally done anything to poison the atmosphere. I got a little taste of the treatment myself a few months ago when I wrote an article for this magazine about Barbara Jordan. I wrote that Barbara Jordan had been a do-nothing congresswoman despite her intelligence and talent, because she had had little inclination to do anything for anybody other than herself. I thought this was both a fair and an accurate assessment, and people I interviewed—who had watched her closely in Congress—thought so too. But the mail I received did not discuss the merits of my arguments so much as accuse me of being a racist for having written the piece.

I knew it wasn't true, but being called a racist still made me extraordinarily uncomfortable. It wasn't easy to shrug off. I started to read the piece again, looking for places where I might have slipped into unconscious racist innuendo—and then I realized how silly that was. It was not what I said or how I said it that mattered—it was the fact that I had said *anything* uncomplimentary about Barbara Jordan. To these readers, I had broken a rule—a rule that said that people like me did not have a license to write about people like her.

At the *Post*, that same unwritten rule seems to be at work, giving Marion Barry a free ride, along with other local black officials. This is not a problem confined only to Woodward's Metro pages. In the Style section, it causes editors to assign profiles of blacks only to people who are guaranteed to turn in glowing puff pieces—which they do with near-religious fervor. In late September, for example, the *Post* ran a profile of the new editor of the *Oakland Tribune,* Robert Maynard. Maynard is black, and is a former *Post* editorial writer—two circumstances that mitigated against stinging criticism. For all I know, Maynard may be a prince among men, but still. . . the *Post* piece wasn't just uncritical; it was positively fawning, embarrassingly so—and it should have embarrassed the *Post*. A few paragraphs will give you the picture:

"Bouncing around his hotel suite the other day when he was here to speak to the National Association of Black Journalists, he seemed unruffled by the hoopla surrounding his appointment of almost a month. He's still the suave figure who moved through sophisticated Washington circles for more than a decade, still able to add spice to a tweed jacket with just his personal flair.

"His smoky voice and eloquence lift the spirits of friends and disarm opponents. His hunched shoulder swagger, a hip, big city strut from his youthful days in Brooklyn, telegraphs his brimming confidence.

"The realization of his dreams makes Maynard a kind of Frank Merriwell hero among blacks. . . ."

Something is obviously wrong when the *Post*'s Style section does not permit blacks even a portion of the normal human allotment of character flaws. But far worse is the effect of this

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attitude in the Metro section, where, after all, reporters are still supposed to know the difference between reporting and sycophancy.

In this respect, it is probably not very important whether Marion Barry—or Tricia Nixon—violates the Foreign Gifts and Decorations Act by accepting some trinkets from a diplomat. It is hard to imagine that in either case the acceptance of gifts will do much to "influence" foreign policy. What is important, though, is that this unwillingness to dig into the gift issue reflects a general unwillingness at the *Post* to ask *any* tough questions of Barry, or to take a tough look at his administration. And what that means is that Washingtonians simply don't have any idea what kind of job he is doing as mayor. Is he transforming the city's bureaucracy as he said he would? What kind of people is he surrounding himself with? How hard is he really working? And what is he accomplishing—or failing to accomplish?

You can't find questions like these answered in the *Post* because no one there is asking them. What *Post* readers know is that the mayor took a trip this year and had a good time. It took a heavy reading between the lines to even begin to piece together what was really going on. It seems to me, in fact, that thanks to the *Post*, Barry has been allowed to telegraph a certain attitude to his constituents, an arrogance about what one can do as an elected official. It's this: It's okay to take vacations at government expense. It's okay to play tennis at government expense. It's okay to accept gifts. As long as the *Post* keeps quiet, everything's okay.

And Now, Another Bureaucracy

It didn't take long after Barry returned to the city for D.C. residents to find out what his trip had wrought. It was not, as previously promised, a few "sister cities" sending each other postcards. It was not an increase in business and trade. It was not the lending of District "expertise" to the Third World. It was, instead, the creation of an office of protocol.

This new blip on the radar screen of bureaucracy will be managed by Guy Draper, a 35-year-old black who has worked his way into the mayor's office having shown no demonstrable skill other than making friends with Marion Barry. In another time and place, he might have been called a crony. But now he is described (this time, in the *Star*) as the man who "brought to the mayor's attention the need for a protocol office before Barry was sworn in."

Draper did more than that, actually—he persuaded the new mayor to ask for a study to demonstrate the need for the new office. Who performed that study? Guy Draper, the same Guy Draper who will be the mayor's new chief of protocol at $36,000 a year. (No conflict there, right?)

As often as anyone will listen, Barry now describes himself as an "internationalist." This is not, he will tell you, because he likes to travel, but because Washington, unique among cities, has three different aspects: local, federal, and international. It is his job, he now insists, to meet and greet African officials when they are in town. Aided by his new protocol chief, he has been doing that job with gusto—greeting the diplomats, escorting them, wining them, dining them, fitting them somehow into his 16-hour day—in short, doing all the things we already pay the State Department to do.

It's no job for the fainthearted—it means, for one thing, going to a lot of parties. At one of these (an affair for Vice President Mondale), Mayor Barry was cornered by a hard-nosed reporter from the *Post*'s Style section. She had the mayor one-on-one, eyeball-to-eyeball, and it was a rare opportunity to ask the toughest question she could think of.

Why, she wanted to know, had no mayor of Washington assumed all of these international responsibilities before? Barry smiled. "Nobody thought of it before," he said, "because nobody is as visionary as I am." ■

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The Gentlemen Bail Out

by Robert Nicholas Blythe

An assistant secretary quietly slips out of his office in the late morning, briefcase in hand. He walks, alone, to a rendezvous in a quiet corner of a nearby restaurant. He looks furtively around, hoping not be recognized while he talks to his mysterious companion.

What is he up to? Contact with the PLO? A leak? No. He is looking for a way out. A way out of government. Specifically, a way out of the Carter administration.

Three years ago he, and the others, were desperate to get in—making hurried phone calls to old friends, arranging to have their names mentioned to the aides on Carter's "transition team." Before that, there had been a full decade of drought (counting Nixon and Ford and LBJ's later disreputable years) when they couldn't go into government. So they had toughed it out on Wall Street, or at the Brookings Institution, writing for *Foreign Affairs*, attending conferences, establishing themselves as experts, men whose names "always popped up" when the talk turned to staffing the next Democratic administration. They were the gentlemen-in-waiting, the shadow cabinet. And although they were not wildly enthusiastic about Carter when he appeared on the scene (frankly, many of them will tell you, Kennedy is more their kind of president), they were not about to miss the chance to get into the new administration.

But now it was time for the gentlemen to bail out.

They wanted to leave for a variety of reasons. The younger ones were still in the build-your-resume-and-keep-your-options-open phase of their careers, and would be reluctant to marry Sophia Loren or write the Great American Novel if it meant more than a three-year commitment. Others, older ones, longed for a more normal family life—they talked about vacations, evenings around the hearth,

Robert Nicholas Blythe is a pseudonym.

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taking the kids to ball games—though it should be said that this longing often disappeared with the offer of a promotion. Many were simply risk-averse people who would rather leave when it was safe than take a chance on Carter's future, for the same reason that they didn't hook up with him until it was clear that he was going to be the Democratic nominee.

And many wanted to leave because, from the start, they had seen government service as the runway to a higher-flying career. The examples of Clark Clifford and Charls Walker were an inspiration to them. After all, they could count on one hand those hapless men whose prospects actually faded as a result of their time in government (Dean Rusk, Walt Rostow, and Spiro Agnew came to mind as fingers on that hand). Only 20 per cent of the assistant cabinet secretaries in the Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy administrations had returned to their old jobs after leaving the government, according to a Brookings study. The rest had moved up.

But it was harder this time around. For one thing, political generalists weren't fetching the big offers the way they used to. Oh, a few might break through to an amazing job—look at Larry O'Brien, running the National Basketball Association, and Jack Valenti, over at the Motion Picture Association, watching movies for a six-figure salary. But it was generally true that the generalist would find himself less in demand than the colorless deputy, armed with a law degree, whom he had outmaneuvered at every meeting.

Another problem was the baby boom, whose products were entering their thirties just at the time that the nation seemed to be beginning to stop growing economically. As a result, the universities and foundations were tightening up. Even the senior fellowships at Brookings and the Carnegie Endowment were hard to come by. Worse, the foundation and university presidencies now tended to be awarded only after lengthy, elaborate searches that put the government official in the awkward position of acknowledging his willingness to leave long before the plum was awarded.

The big hitch this time, however, was the delicate issue of *timing*. Getting an offer, whether from the Kennedy School or Goldman Sachs, was a tricky business. You couldn't come right out and ask for a job over lunch—the invitation had to be arranged, and that took exploration, contacts, subtle reminders. It was a process that, ordinarily, took four or six months.

Back last December, it had looked as if there would be plenty of time—over a year before the President might start to lose the early caucuses, surely long enough to start the whole process and leave without seeming to be a rat deserting a sinking administration. But that was last December, before the gas shortages in late May, and Carter's wild and rapid plunge into unpopularity. The momentum for Kennedy had built quickly, and soon there he was, announcing that he was "definitely considering" running. Like Iran, it had all happened so fast. People who had planned their summer vacations in May returned to find Carter in terrible trouble and the administration collapsing around them.

The realization must have come hard: *It was too late.* The right time to leave, it became clear, was six months ago, when there was still time to make the arrangements—six months ago, when Barry Bosworth left, to go back to Brookings, and Jim Fallows went over to the *Atlantic*, and Peter Schuck moved to the American Enterprise Institute before going to teach at Yale Law School. That had been the right moment. Leaving now—well, it would look too much like bailing out.

They were trapped. Best now to stay on, to play the role of the statesman, serving the nation, slogging away at your post until the end, moving up when others moved out. Kennedy? Much as you might dearly love to work for him, Kennedy had too many people snuggling up to him already. Still, like any politician, he admires loyalty. Stay on, and even if Kennedy wins, you would at least be admired for being a good team player.

Time to begin waiting, again. ■

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Who's Who in the Administration

With Robert Lipshutz gone as White House counsel, Deputy Counsel **Margaret A. McKenna** is not expected to last much longer. **Michael Cardozo,** another Lipshutz deputy, will survive. And Lloyd Cutler, the new counsel, has imported two former members of his law firm, **Joe Onek** and **Barbara Bergman**. . . . If you are hoping that the Carter administration will turn to coal as a way out of the energy problem, you can forget it if **Kitty Schirmer** is appointed, as rumored, to an important post in the Energy Department. Schirmer is the member of Stuart Eizenstat's Domestic Council staff who has torpedoed every pro-coal proposal that has come up, out of fear of the air pollution that increased coal burning would cause. . . . Two assistants of former Deputy Secretary of Energy **John F. O'Leary** have found work. **Kathleen Linahan,** O'Leary's special assistant, will join the Washington office of Gulf Oil Corporation. His executive assistant, **Andrew Zausner**, chose Pennzoil. But O'Leary reserved the plum for himself—he recently joined the board of directors of General Public Utilities Corp., the owners of the nuclear plant at Three Mile Island. . . . There's a lot of acting going on at the Justice Department, which is currently being run by an Acting Deputy Attorney General (**Charles Ruff**), an Acting Associate Attorney General (**John Shenefield**), an Acting Director of the Immigration and Naturalization Service (**David Crosland**), and an Acting Assistant Attorney General for the Civil Division (**Alice Daniels**). Can't Benjamin Civiletti make up his mind? Unless he fills these slots soon, he may find that people are reluctant to join what may be a lame duck administration in its final months. . . . If you are already a member of the Carter administration, but would really prefer to work for President Edward Kennedy, our advice to you—explained in Robert Blythe's article on page 24—is to stay put. One Carter appointee who has flouted our guidelines is **Peter Straus,** who recently resigned as director of Voice of America, declaring that Carter's inner circle suffers from "Kennedy paranoia." Straus then announced that he had been considering joining the Kennedy campaign. . . .

In

WHITE HOUSE

Deputy Counsel to the President—**Joe Onek** has been Associate Director for Health on the White House Domestic Policy Staff.

Associate Counsel—**Barbara Bergman** has been an attorney with the District of Columbia's public defender service.

Assistant Director for Price Monitoring, Council on Wage and Price Stability—**Robert C. Baesemann** has been a senior analyst for National Economic Research Associates Inc.

Associate Director, Office of Management and Budget—**Curtis A. Hessler** has been executive assistant to former Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal. He will be responsible for natural resources and science, two of the areas formerly assigned to associate director Eliot R. Cutler. Cutler will retain responsibility in OMB for energy programs.

Chief of Protocol—**Abelardo Lopez Valdez** has been nominated by President Carter. Valdez has been the Assistant Administrator of the Agency for International Development for Latin America and the Caribbean since 1977.

DEFENSE

Secretary of the Navy—**Edward Hidalgo** has been nominated to succeed W. Graham Claytor, Jr. Hidalgo has been Assistant Secretary for Manpower and Logistics.

Principal Deputy to the Undersecretary of Defense—**Walter B. LaBerge** has been Undersecretary of the Army.

Deputy Undersecretary for International Programs and Technology—**Vitalij Garber** has been Director of International

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Programs in the Office of the Undersecretary for Research and Engineering.

ENERGY

Chief Financial Officer—**John A. Hewitt** has been Assistant Secretary of the Air Force for Financial Management.

Assistant Secretary for Resource Applications—**Ruth M. Davis** has been Deputy Undersecretary of Defense for Research and Advanced Technology.

Director of the Office of Energy Research—**Edward A. Frieman** has been professor of astrophysics at Princeton University.

Assistant Secretary for Fossil Fuel—**George M. Fumich, Jr.** has been director of the department's fossil energy program.

Assistant Secretary for Policy and Evaluation—**William W. Lewis** has been principal Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for Program Analysis and Evaluation.

Administrator, Economic Regulatory Administration—**Hazel R. Rollins** has been a Washington accountant with the firm of Coopers & Lybrand.

HEW

Assistant Secretary for Legislation—**William B. Welsh** held a similar position at the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

General Counsel—**Joan Z. Bernstein** has been general counsel at the EPA.

HUD

President, Government National Mortgage Association—**Ronald P. Laurent,** a Chicago mortgage banker, succeeds John Dalton, who resigned to become treasurer of the Carter-Mondale campaign committee.

STATE

Assistant Secretary for Administration—**Thomas M. Tracy** has been Counselor for Administration at the American Embassy in West Germany. He replaces John M. Thomas, who has resigned.

The Dangers of NUCLEAR WAR

Franklyn Griffiths & John C. Polanyi, eds.

Nuclear war may be no more than 20 years away. Experts from around the world, including Georgi A. Arbatov, McGeorge Bundy, and Lord Zuckerman, outline the increasing possibility of nuclear war before the end of this century and issue a pressing call for action. $15.00 cloth, $5.95 paper.

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Deputy Representative at the United Nations—**William J. vanden Heuvel** has been the American representative at the United Nations European Office in Geneva. Vanden Heuvel replaces James F. Leonard, who has become deputy to Robert S. Strauss, President Carter's special envoy to the Middle East.

Legal Adviser—**Roberts B. Owen,** a partner in the Washington law firm of Covington and Burling, is expected to be named by President Carter. He would replace Herbert J. Hansell.

Ambassador-at-Large and U.S. Coordinator for Mexican Affairs—**Bob Krueger** is a former Texas congressman.

Ambassador to Canada—Former Maine governor **Kenneth M. Curtis** has been commissioner on the International Joint Commission, United States and Canada.

Ambassador to Switzerland—**Richard David Vine** has been Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs since 1977.

Ambassador to Tanzania—**Richard N. Viets.**

TRANSPORTATION

Director of Public Affairs—**Robert A. Holland** has been Deputy Director of Public Affairs.

Administrator, Urban Mass Transit Administration—**Theodore C. Lutz** was formerly general manager of Washington's Metro Transit system.

Assistant Secretary for Governmental and Public Affairs—**Susan J. Williams** has been deputy assistant secretary.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Civil Aeronautics Board
General Counsel—**Mary Schuman** was, until recently, Assistant Director of the White House Domestic Policy Staff.

Food and Drug Administration
Commissioner—**Jere Edwin Goyan** has been dean of the School of Pharmacy at the University of California, San Francisco.

Environmental Protection Agency
Inspector General—**Inez Smith Reid** has been deputy general counsel at HEW.

Peace Corps
Deputy Director—**William G. Sykes** has been deputy secretary of the Maryland Department of Human Resources.

Interstate Commerce Commission
Assistant Secretary—**James H. Bayne** was chief of the reports section in the ICC's accounts bureau.

Commodity Futures Trading Commission
Commissioner—**Hugh Cadden** has been special assistant to commission chairman James M. Stone.

Out

White House
Assistant to the President for Communications—**Gerald Rafshoon** has returned to his own Washington-based public relations and advertising firm, Rafshoon Communications.

Commerce
Secretary—**Juanita M. Kreps** has resigned.

HEW
Assistant Secretary for Human Development—**Arabella Martinez** has resigned.

Inspector General—**Thomas Morris** has resigned.

Transportation
Deputy Secretary—**Alan Butchman** is following former secretary of Transportation Brock Adams to the Seattle law firm of Houger, Garvey & Schubert.

Treasury
Assistant Secretary for Economic Policy—**Daniel Brill** has retired.

Agencies and Commissions

Interstate Commerce Commission
Chairman—**A. Daniel O'Neal** will not seek reappointment when his term expires at the end of this year.

General Counsel—**Mark L. Evans** will become a partner in the Washington law firm of Miller & Chevalier.

Administrative Conference of the United States
Chairman—**Robert A. Anthony** will become a partner in the Washington law firm of Sellers, Conner & Cuneo.

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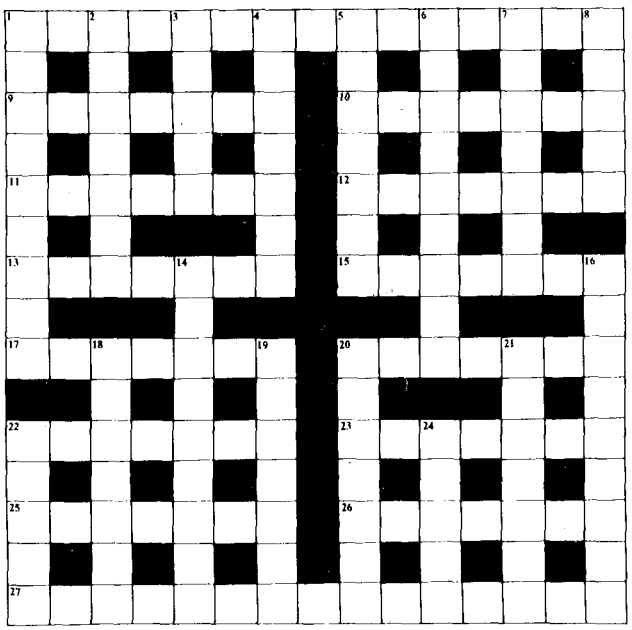
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. First choice will be important in 1980. (7,8)
9. Shelter in which you must plod gingerly, indeed. (7)
10. Hold confused action heading North. (7)
11. When errant I was brought into line, he did it. (7)
12. Gas wire transported insects. (7)
13. Tries strange aches around North Carolina. (7)
15. Use pencils near organ. (7)
17. What goes beforehand judicially? (7)
20. Spirit in the triumphant ombudsman. (7)
22. One in wild feasts makes celebrations. (7)
23. Actor from strange hip clan. (7)
25. Stir H in wine. (7)
26. "sweet ____ seat of a bicycle built for two." (4,3)
27. Goal of 1 Across is strange eagle Ted found in station. (5,10)

DOWN

1. Local tip I managed first in this puzzle. (9)
2. State article in India. (7)
3. Drop a line around a stranger. (5)
4. Foods that go into Roy's gut. (7)
5. Plants found in wildest Chile above the poles. (7)
6. An article in Illinois. (9)
7. Arranged an air in Persian. (7)
8. Angels and the Supreme Court, for example? (5)
14. Lady of the Lake? (9)
16. Minor cent distributed for red leadership. (9)
18. Sort of crime among teetotallers in this country. (7)
19. Pet dies in agony notwithstanding. (7)
20. Movie gets out of epic rut. (7)
21. This author makes list, too. (7)
22. Confronts 100 in safe position. (5)
24. Distinctive flavor found in or near Omaha stockyard. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word.

Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 60.

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The World According to TARP

'Deep Tunnel'

How Our Money Flows Into Chicago's Sewers

by Gregg Easterbrook

Three hundred feet beneath Chicago's Loop, a well-disciplined gang executes The Perfect Crime. One thousand henchmen, sweating and swearing through dense Silurian dolomite, are digging tunnels—131 miles of tunnels. Most are wide enough for trains to pass through three abreast. The gang's blasting shakes Loop offices, yet few Chicagoans even know the job is in progress. The police know, but they do not interfere. For the tunnels will not terminate under the vaults of Chicago's banks. Not enough money would be involved.

This bizarre heist is code-named TARP—Tunnel and Reservoir Plan. But people familiar with it just call it "Deep Tunnel." It is the most expensive public works project of all time, expected to cost $11 billion. By comparison, the Alaska pipeline cost $9 billion.

Deep Tunnel is supposed to control floods and water pollution. Specifically, it seeks to rehabilitate Chicago's urban canals, which, in some forgotten earlier life, were free-flowing rivers. They have come, over the years, to resemble open sewers, gruesome slurries of Morphic alkalinity. Deep Tunnel, if it works, will elevate them to the status of merely offensive.

So there's a symmetrical beauty to this sting. No one can see the digging taking place, since the Hole in the Ground Gang works out of sight—and no one will be able to tell the difference when it's finished. At their most optimistic, TARP planners hope the "rivers" will be improved from their present dreary state (which Illinois officials delicately refuse to classify) to meet "secondary contact standards," Illinois' lowest water quality rating. "Secondary contact" allows for "brief. . . accidental exposure." This means that should you happen to tumble in, you'll be able to meet your Maker by drowning rather than dissolving. It also means that after the $11 billion is spent, the rivers, now used as sewers and industrial barge routes, will *still* be sewers and industrial barge routes. That won't change at all.

The masterminds of the Chicago job

Gregg Easterbrook is a Washington writer. He was editor of a Chicago-based environmental magazine from 1977 to 1979.

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don't plan to stop there. Deep Tunnel is a pilot for similar projects being considered for Boston, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, San Francisco, and other cities with pollution problems like Chicago's. If a TARP is spread under all of them, the price could go as high as $400 billion. To anyone who still believes people should at least be able to see the results of government expenditures, this is a vexing prospect. For it turns out that most of Deep Tunnel's objectives could be reached through a series of less exotic methods. These options would be labor- rather than capital-intensive. Some would provide aesthetic improvements in neighborhoods. All would cost a fraction of what Deep Tunnel will.

Agent Concrete

The city of Chicago is a hydrogeological desert; the ultimate defoliant, concrete, has stripped the land on which the city sits of its ability to absorb rainwater. As in most cities, the rainwater runs off Chicago's streets and parking lots into a "combined" sewer system, where it mixes with human wastes and industrial sludge.

In theory, the rain performs a cleansing function, washing the chemicals and garbage off the streets and into the city's sewage treatment plants. Unfortunately, Chicago's sewers, built in the early 1900s, have so little capacity that almost any precipitation causes them to overflow. So 100 times a year, the agency digging Deep Tunnel, the Metropolitan Sanitary District of Greater Chicago (MSD), relieves the overflow by allowing it—sewage, street garbage and all—to back up into the city's rivers.

The resulting miasma—clumps of bobbing guano, evil patches of seething gorp, revolting odors—is not in itself a health hazard. The water is already so laced with toxic chemicals that nothing, not even the germs and bacteria from the sewage, could live in it. Still, as Frank Dalton, MSD's deputy chief engineer, puts it, "every four days, a million people crap in the rivers." Ten times in the last 12 years, in fact, the overflows were so prodigious that MSD had to pump them into Lake Michigan—the source of the city's drinking water. This was no casual task; in the late 1890s, Chicago's rivers were reversed in order to carry pollution away from the lake, instead of toward it as God intended.

Deep Tunnel is supposed to hold the sewer overload in its enormous underground caverns. Then, after the rains stop, the foul waters will be pumped up to the city's sewage treatment plants for cleansing. The huge matrix of tunnels—under construction since 1975—will be able to cork a grand total of about one quarter-inch of rain. Engineers call that "the first flush." It is not the hormonal awakening that precedes a love affair, but the initial wave of rain that carries off the junk on the streets and dumps it, eventually, into the rivers. Catching the first flush will keep most of those "street pollutants" out of the waterways. But if it rains more than a quarter-inch, Deep Tunnel itself will overflow, meaning that raw sewage will still be jettisoned into the rivers. So TARP has a "Phase II" project—huge surface reservoirs (in old stone quarries). With 20 times the capacity of the tunnels, the reservoirs will enable the system to retain all but the heaviest downpours. The reservoirs will also help control Chicago's traditional basement flooding, which is caused by sewer backups.

No Coolies

Deep Tunnel's cost has soared since it was first proposed, but the project appears to be innocent of the customary cost overruns. The tunnels, the only part of the project solely under the control of the Metropolitan Sanitary District, were pegged at $1.2 billion in 1972. A recent General Accounting Office study put their cost at $2 billion, just about in cadence with inflation. "And remember," boasts MSD president Nicholas Melas, "this is an energy-intensive project. We don't have 15,000 coolies hacking away."

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The remaining billions will go for associated TARP projects. Included are a billion for the reservoirs, a billion for sewage treatment plant improvements, $1.6 billion to link suburban sewers to the network, $1.9 billion for interest, $640 million for "engineering, design, supervision and review." ("Say, barber, do I need a haircut?")

Two hostile GAO reports, however, have blasted TARP's costs on the grounds that "inflation has taken its toll." The announced projects don't yet total $11 billion—but, "if history is any indication," the GAO says, that is what they will cost by 1983, when most of the work is scheduled to begin.

These estimates are no doubt accurate, if not too low. But as an indictment of TARP, the GAO's argument—though a staple of cost overrun stories—is a frayed sackcloth. Future inflated prices will be paid with future inflated dollars. If inflation suddenly lurched another 100 percent, Deep Tunnel would be priced at $22 billion. But the resources needed to buy it—the percentage of our real GNP—would not change. When projects like TARP escalate in sync with inflation, they do not "become more expensive." They just acquire shock value.

And so rare is it that the public should actually receive a physical object in exchange for its funds—instead of a hotel tab for a commission hearing, or a consultant's report full of vacuous social generalizations—that even cost overruns might be tolerated. The drawback with Deep Tunnel is that it will be about as useful as the hearing or the consultant, as far as the people of Chicago are concerned.

Nothing Fishy

The way it was originally planned, Deep Tunnel was supposed to make Chicago's reeking rivers "fishable and swimmable" by 1985. This talismanic phrase was the statutory goal of the Clean Water Act of 1972. In fact, that law dangled 75-percent federal funding in front of any project that promised to make waterways "fishable and swimmable." It was in 1972, not coincidentally, that Chicago's MSD proposed TARP. In 1975, the federal Office of Management and Budget said TARP could be funded, but only if split into two phases. This was because, to OMB's analytic mind, tunnels and treatment plants are pollution-control devices and can be funded by the Environmental Protection Agency—but the surface reservoirs of "Phase II" are flood-control devices. And as such, they could be spawned only by the Army Corps of Engineers.

This, however, caused a jurisdictional problem, since the Corps currently has charge over only *rural* flood projects. But the Corps is "frothing at the mouth," in the words of one official, to extend its authority to cities—and it saw the invitation from Chicago's sewer planners as its opening. Nevertheless, Corps participation in TARP was on shaky sod until MSD president Melas went to Washington to argue for $1 million to help the Corps study the need for the reservoirs "impartially and objectively." ("Say, barber, do I need a haircut?") Actually, for only $1 million the government can't expect a whole study. What it gets is a "plan of study." The plan will reveal how the Corps proposes to spend the $9 million its Chicago planning chief, Richard Carlson, said is needed for the whole study.

Meanwhile, the "fishable and swimmable" clause has long since expired. It had become an annoyance anyway. You remember that if only the tunnels are built, and the "Phase II" reservoirs abandoned (a strong possibility, despite the Corps study), Chicago will keep dumping sewage into its rivers. This will happen whenever it rains more than a quarter of an inch—ten to 12 times a year. That's more than enough damage to kill any fish and keep the rivers dead and disgusting. And even if *all* of the reservoirs are built, the rivers still won't be "fishable" or "swimmable." They won't even be "smellable"—the continued presence of other pollutants in the river will assure that.

So the project planners have lowered their sights to the present goal,

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"secondary contact," which will be achieved, depending on whom you believe, either in Phase I or Phase II. Perhaps by the time Phase XXIV is reached, a salient fact will poke out: Sewer overflows are not the main cause of pollution in Chicago's rivers. Sewage treatment plants are.

At most, 47 per cent of Chicago's river pollution comes from sewer overflows, according to the Northeastern Illinois Planning Commission (NIPC), a powerless collection of government deep thinkers called into TARP scheming to maintain appearances. According to another consultant, less than a quarter of the rivers' primary pollution comes from gagging sewers. This pollution arises from "oxydizable" compounds like ammonia, which combine with oxygen, robbing living things of their breath. Ammonia is emitted by the bacteria used to process sewage at treatment plants. The plants then discharge it into the rivers. One billion of TARP's $11 billion will pay for treatment plant improvements designed to "fix" ammonia into less harmful (but still polluting) nitrates. But even if TARP is completed, treatment plants will still be the rivers' worst offenders.

TARP will do absolutely nothing about the most deadly form of pollution in Chicago's waterways: toxins and heavy metals. They will skip unmolested through the sewers, tunnels, and, eventually, through the sewage treatment plants into the rivers. Deep Tunnel will merely intercept them at sewer overflow points and deposit them downstream at the treatment

DAVID SEAVEY

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plants, away from the sensibilities of Loop office workers.

These toxins and metals used to be the social contribution of industry alone. But now, the force of egalitarianism has distributed to every man the means with which to poison water. Lead, for example, settles out of auto exhaust. Cadmium leaches from gardens, soaps, and bleaches. Pesticides splash off lawns and dainty flowers. All are washed into the sewers every time it rains, and most end up in the rivers.

Still, at industrial sources, where the toxins are localized and highly concentrated, they could be "pretreated" to keep them out of sewers. "Pretreatment is the only way to ever bring pollution under control," says a NIPC planner. Chicago's MSD deserves credit for supporting fairly stern pretreatment standards. But it's afraid to push too hard for fear habitual polluters will pull up mistakes and go elsewhere. More congenial sewers are said to beckon in the South. Uniform national discharge standards were supposed to solve this problem. Ordered to promulgate such rules years ago, however, the EPA has buried them in endless re-study.

Meanwhile, no EPA funds can be used for pretreatment because, all sides agree, this should be part of industry's cost of doing business. Of course, once the toxins are flushed down the public drain, there's no limit to the tax dollars that can be sent chasing after them. Perhaps for this reason, TARP's $640-million "review" does not even attempt to figure out how much of the toxin/metal load in Chicago's rivers comes from industrial sources. EPA, the state environmental agency, NIPC, and MSD all admit they never opened the question. "It's a fine, academic distinction where the chemicals come from," said Dr. Cecil Lue-Hing, MSD's research director. Apparently so—since Deep Tunnel does nothing about them whatever the source.

Slowing the Flush

If only the billions for TARP—or even its loose change—could go into a few simple, neighborhood-level projects. A combination of them could accomplish most of TARP's goals, at a fraction of the cost.

Most of these techniques are so rudimentary as to offend the sensibilities of modern technocrats. Much of the sewage overflow, for example, is caused by the rapid attack of the "first flush." Anything that delays the arrival at the sewers of even part of the rainwater diminishes the problem.

The simplest means of accomplishing this is to disconnect downspouts on rain gutters. In large cities, architects traditionally run downspout pipes from the gutters on a building's roof straight into the sewers. This practice assures that the collected rainwater arrives at the sewer at the same time, exaggerating the overload. Some MSD suburbs are disconnecting building downspouts, so that rainwater just splashes on the ground and must wend it way to the sewers. The highest cost estimate comes from Skokie, population 70,000, which says the work will cost $1.8 million. Projecting that over MSD's jurisdiction, the cost could reach $115 million, about one tenth of a percent of TARP's cost. Other sources say it would be far less. MSD, which could order member communities to disconnect, has left that matter to their discretion. Using no discretion at all, some towns *require* that the lines be tied to overworked sewers, presumably to avoid alarming homeowners who assume that a disconnected downspout automatically means a wet cellar.

There are other simple ideas for preventing the sewer backup. Large volumes of water could be retained on rooftops, to be released slowly after the rain stops. Chicago building codes, in fact, require new structures to retain at least six inches of rain. "But the codes are never enforced," says a city source. Other buildings can be converted to hold the rain—although, say roofing contractors, old structures would first require repairs.

If urban building codes took rain-caused pollution as seriously as TARP's planners, numerous other

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water-retention systems could be established at low cost. Parking lots are a primary cause of rain-runoff havoc. Instead of impervious sheets of concrete, they can be made of grids of concrete bars, with small patches of soil boxed in between. Water would percolate into the ground through the patches. Converting vacant land to green space—parks, gardens, or just tracts of grass in the middle of a block—has the same effect. And on any green slope can be built "Dutch trenches." These are slits, filled with sand or gravel and topped with sod. They absorb rainwater readily, but release it slowly.

These techniques—some of which improve neighborhood aesthetics—also create blue-collar jobs. GAO says Deep Tunnel will foster only 1,800 jobs at its peak, mostly for specialists—at an "investment cost" of $1.8 million per job. This aspect of the project proved most inconvenient to Chicago's ruling elite, the Democratic ward committeemen. TARP gave them no jobs to dole out, and almost no chance to bid for sweetheart contracts. "Soft technology" finds an unexpected ally with this crowd.

Not only would water-retention reduce the need to dump sewage into the rivers, it would also help control the flooding of basements caused by the sewer backups. "We could cut flooding problems in half in a few years using these techniques," says one expert. Deep Tunnel will do a more thorough job, but not until some fine morning in the 1990s. In the meantime, Corps planners hope no one steals their thunder by stemming the floods ahead of schedule. Most of the benefits in Deep Tunnel's favorable "cost/benefit" ratio of 1.4 to 1 are based on the Corps' presumption that flooding does $450 million worth of damage to Chicago every year.

But wait a minute—what was that figure? $450 million a year? That's equivalent to the destruction of a town with 10,000 homes—about the same as the damage estimate for Hurricane David. It might make the papers. It's preposterous to think that such massive losses could be caused by water seeping into basements, unless average Chicago working people are storing thousands of Renoirs and Monets in their cellars. If the Corps were right, Chicago would suffer $5 billion in damages just waiting for Deep Tunnel's valves to be opened. But of course, the Corps isn't even close. MSD itself puts the annual loss at $6 million to $12 million; GAO calls it a still-modest $20 million.

'Make no little plans'

The alternatives to TARP are overlooked because there is no Office of Miscellaneous Social Benefits. "Everybody does only what his agency is supposed to do, because no one agency is in charge of comprehensive social planning," says one of NIPC's erstwhile idealists. MSD's job is to dig sewers: break out the shovels. The Corps is supposed to move earth: look out for the dozers. Could anyone reasonably expect MSD to forego billions in grants and influence so that another agency could go around building parks and shoring up roofs?

"Every Deep Tunnel study defined as its goal finding a project, a *single project,* that could stop the overflows, stop pumping into the lake, and reduce flooding," says Dan White, the GAO team leader. "Obviously no single solution but a billion-dollar construction job can do all these things. Low-tech options were excluded by definition."

Nevertheless, to get its million to study the possibility of building the reservoirs, the Corps has vowed that, after all this time, it will be the one to "cost out" the "low-tech" options. Perhaps the Corps will earnestly assess the value of having someone else disconnect downspouts, instead of having the Corps move $900-million worth of soil. ("Say, barber, should I switch to a toupee?") They promise to give it every effort. The Corps' Chicago economics chief, Harvey Kurzon, says the study will assign "equal treatment to every idea that's been proposed, so

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no one feels slighted." Among ideas to be treated equally, he has insisted repeatedly, is a proposal that Chicago's rain problems be solved by putting a dome over the city. For $9 million, the Corps will let you know whether people who want to put domes over cities should be slighted.

Even if the cheaper methods were endorsed, the Clean Water Act makes no provisions for funding them. It funds only "treatment systems." Since other solutions prevent the problems at their *source,* they do not qualify as treatment. EPA's tunnel vision does not even extend to some mechanical techniques like "instream aeration." Aerators are bubblers, like an aquarium's, that slip fish some air. They brought salmon back to the Thames River for $200 million. TARP includes $32 million for aerators, but the Illinois environmental agency has had to underwrite them itself, with no help from the federal EPA. "EPA considers aerators to be in the waterway, isolated from the discharge pipe," says Mike Mauzy, director of the state's environmental program, "and hence not part of a treatment system." The inexpensive aerators, according to a well-informed engineer, will provide almost all TARP's visible improvements to the rivers. No wonder EPA wants no part of them.

Seine It's Not

When Deep Tunnel is finished and the rivers are clean enough to stand close to, the fury of progress will stop. "They were built as sewers, and that's what they'll still be," said the engineer. You see, Chicago's river system is lined, sides and bottom, with concrete. There is no "shore," and the featureless vessel offers no places for fish to spawn or live. Parts of the rivers are walled in behind berms. Nearly all of the system winds grudgingly through the cracking, blistering industrial stanchions of Chicago. There are no charming riverfront cafes at which to sip banana daiquiris. In fact, there's no riverfront, and there still won't be after TARP. "Nobody in his right mind would recreate on an industrial canal when Lake Michigan is right there," says Mauzy, adding that in some 1972 studies, "there was a brief cost/benefit analysis of how the rivers would be used later. But I haven't seen anything on it since. They dropped it fast."

One expert fears the sole aesthetic improvement from TARP will be a color-scheme change, from Grime Grey to Gorp Green. This is because, when the flushing volumes of stormwater are eliminated, the rivers will be nearly quiescent. "Algae will take over, as it does in any still water, and dead algae stinks worse than sewage," he says. The minimum "scouring velocity" to stop algae growth is eight feet per second. After Deep Tunnel the Chicago River will flow at one-tenth of a foot per second, he says, "slower than your bathtub."

The dark at the end of Deep Tunnel puts environmentalists in the awkward position of opposing a water-quality project. The Sierra Club, Environmental Defense Fund, and several Chicago area environmental groups either oppose the digging or demand indefinite moratoria. They fear Deep Tunnel will be the Tellico Dam of water pollution control, spending so much for so little that anti-environmentalists will make it the punchline of jeering jokes. Any water-pollution control project will get shot down as "just another Deep Tunnel." "I've been with this project 12 years," says one high official, "and I still can't figure out what we're buying for our money, except an abstract standard."

But officially, TARP's champions are not wavering. MSD's Melas insists he could not abandon the tunnels even if he wished. "My legal mandate, to reach the water quality standard, has not been changed," he says. At least the abstraction is well served. And, as a field-level MSD supervisor told me, "You might as well take the federal money. They practically leave it for you in a bus station locker. If we don't take it, and use it in our city, they'll just waste it somewhere else." Dig we might as well. ■

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Miss Hot Kiss Sells the Bomb

by James E. Cohen

It looks like any other big time sales convention at Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel. Women in skin-tight jump suits and magicians twisting disappearing coins try to cajole the buyers into their displays. Freebees are handed out like loose change. Food, drink, toys. . . . no one in the crowd will leave empty-handed.

But this crowd is not the average cluster of well-heeled conventioneers; these are five thousand military officers and government officials, guests of more than 50 of the United States's biggest and most powerful armament manufacturers. And the displays are not simply new household hardware or automobiles. Together, they represent an arsenal of America's top-flight missiles, aircraft components, and strategic fighters.

James E. Cohen is a freelance writer living in New York City.

Before finishing each year's defense budget, the Pentagon is invited to something called "The Aerospace Briefings and Equipment Displays." It is the military industry's version of a Tupperware party.

"The Air Force Association," reads the invitation, "cordially invites you to attend the annual Aerospace Development Briefings. Top scientists from the aerospace industry will combine presentations on advanced techniques and concepts with displays of the latest hardware for key government, military and industry officials."

For fifteen years, the industry has gathered in Washington to hold this military aerospace trade exhibition. It's a chance for the buyers and sellers to look each other over while appreciating the newest, most eye-catching products on the market. Unlike other exhibitions, the products often have

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the capability of leveling an entire city. But at a glance you wouldn't know it.

Our hostess leads us to the shine of aluminum walls and a small open stage about the size of a puppet theater. It is the Delco Electronics booth, and a sign reads, "Next briefing, three minutes." Music begins to chatter from the ceiling, and two attractive models dressed in abbreviated aviator costumes bounce up to the stage. The music gets louder, and the women, with practiced smiles, wave us closer. Over the loudspeaker we hear an announcer.

Voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, Delco Electronics, the makers of Delco's series of magic computers, welcomes you to view 'The Big Picture.'"

The Blonde: "Hello, I'm Janine."

The Brunette: "And I'm Cynthia."

The Empty Stage: "And I'm Delco's Big Picture!"

The briefing sign that had been resting undisturbed whirls and magically disappears across the stage.

Big Picture: "The history of aviation and modern aerospace technology began with the most simple of digital computers, the human hand."

A hand wearing a white glove appears, as if suspended in the air.

Cynthia: "The human hand has (counting fingers) 1-2-3-4-5 digits, as you can see."

Janine: "Let me count. 1-2-3-4-5. Quite correct." (Smile.)

The stage comes alive with floating mirrors, hands without bodies, and suspended pictures of sophisticated weapons components dancing playfully to the music. Janine tells of F-16 fighter controls while releasing small, flame-colored kites explaining inertial upper stage guidance computers. Little drawings of airplanes soar back and forth across the back scrim of the stage like poor animation for a Saturday morning children's education special.

Cynthia: "OK, I think we get the Big Picture."

Big Picture: "Then stick around, and get yourself a copy of my Big Picture puzzle, too."

When the lights at the stage dim,

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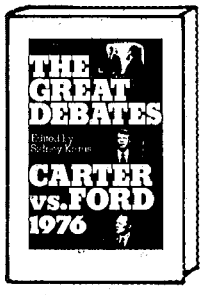

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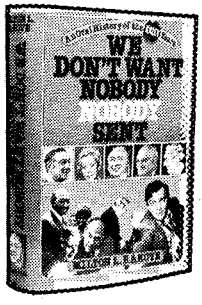

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Cynthia and Janine hand out free puzzles of a soaring Delco-guided missile. Many of us take the opportunity to fill our free United Technology bags with extra Delco puzzles, a handful of Delco buttons, and assorted freeway maps of Washington. . . .

How About Some Legs?

If you want to sell a product, manufacturers believe, you need an entertaining twist. Facts and figures can be boring—even if the merchandise is a nuclear weapon. It's like selling cigarettes: Long lasting? Fine. But what about seeing some legs?

More than one company has taken the cue. At the General Electric display, a hologram of a tightly-bikini'd model rubs a turning engine against her breasts whenever a buyer passes her vicinity. At Pratt and Whitney, the bite is more subtle:

The Pratt and Whitney representative is a short man standing before an audience of military officers and a new sophisticated turbo-engine, the JT15-D; his attention is disturbed by an extremely attractive woman rubbing her fingertips along the side of the display case.

P&W Representative: "Excuse me, Miss Hopkins, but we must get started."

Blonde model (fingertips off the display case): "*Hotch*kins, sir."

P&W Rep.: "All right, Miss Hot Kiss, but we really must get started."

Hotchkins: "Oh. Sorry."

P&W Rep. (to audience): "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. My name is G. Evert Thornbeck—"

Hotchkins (jumping and waving wildly): "Hi, Mr. Hornbeck!"

P&W Rep.: "*Thorn*beck, not *Horn*beck."

Hotchkins: "Oh. Sorry."

P&W Rep. (to audience): "The JT15-D's design is less complex, and less cost-burdensome, and produces increased reliability factors."

Hotchkins (lips pursed to a captain in the audience): "I think I *like* the JT15-D."

P&W Rep. (stuttering): "F-furthermore, it passed severe F.A.A. tests on birds and ice. . . without a difficulty factor."

Hotchkins (rubbing thighs): "Well, you really do know your *factors*."

P&W Rep. (rubbing his own thighs): "In the JT15-D, hundreds of delicate and expensive compressor blades are replaced by one rugged, easily manufactured part."

Hotchkins: "That's wonderful." (Her fingers drop to her crotch and separate to about six inches.) "How can anyone put so many good qualities into just one package?"

P&W Rep. (blushing): "Um, um. . . We'll get into that later, Miss. . . um. . . Hot Kiss. Further, the fan turbine has two stages to achieve the small diameter to reduce engine size."

Hotchkins: "Heaven knows, I never could go for one of those big, *bulky* engines. I bet it's just about your size."

You Call the Shots. . .

At the end of the show, a more somber Pratt and Whitney representative walks forward clapping his hands, nodding to an assistant to hand out some rubber footballs. On the sides of the footballs is printed, "PRATT AND WHITNEY—WE'RE ON YOUR TEAM."

"I'm here representing Pratt and Whitney's aircraft division," says the new representative. He leafs through some notes and hides a hand in his jacket. "I've been with Pratt and Whitney for four years, and I've come to the point now where I've begun to feel like part of the team. And that's our subject for today—teamwork. I thought to get this started, I'd find out if we were really all together as far as teamwork is concerned. Now, colonel, I want you to think. . . of a card." His hand pulls out of his jacket, and he waves a fanned deck of cards. "A card that you would find in a normal playing deck, jokers not allowed, and I will name that card. Because here at Pratt and Whitney, you call the shots and we got the answers!" ■

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How to Burst the Real Estate Bubble

by Nicholas Lemann

The real estate boom is bad for America. It's bad for our economy, and it's bad for our souls.

For many people, especially those living in major cities and their suburbs, real estate has become an obsession, a cause for panic. Those who don't own houses are desperate to buy them, so desperate that they will go dangerously deep into debt and otherwise screw up their lives for fear that the train is leaving the station without them. Those who do own houses have watched them appreciate so quickly and effortlessly that they feel almost compelled to drink even more deeply of the intoxicating waters of real estate. Both of these groups have real estate so much on the mind that in a city like Washington an evening's conversation with friends is almost bound to turn, sooner or later, to wild Las Vegas-style get-rich-quick schemes.

And there's another group of people—a large group, growing every day—who would have been able to buy houses a generation ago but won't be able to now, because housing prices have risen so much faster than personal incomes. If the single-family home is, as widely believed, the bedrock of our democracy, then the decline in home ownership is a dangerous sign.

Within both groups, the housing craze has turned happy and productive people into nervous wrecks. People making, say, the princely salary of $35,000 a year are consumed with money worries and think about quitting jobs they love, to make more. It's sad to see this happen; and it just doesn't happen in cities where a pleasant house can still be purchased for a price in the five figures.

Next to the rising price of fuel, the real estate boom has been the most important force behind the inflation of the 1970s. Inflation, of course, makes the real estate market hotter and hotter, thus draining the pool of available capital away from investments that could produce innovation, jobs, and economic growth—and reduce inflation. In a real estate boom town, you'd have to be nuts to put a spare $5,000 into some eccentric genius's garage invention—that money would go into a condominium instead.

Nicholas Lemann is a reporter for The Washington Post, *and a contributing editor of* The Washington Monthly.

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Weedy Lots

"The real estate boom" is really too broad a term, in that it encompasses both productive and non-productive investments. Any boom in new construction is good for the economy; if you put a thousand dollars into one share of a new shopping mall in the suburbs, your money helps to employ construction workers and craftsmen and, ultimately, to start new businesses. The part of the boom that's unproductive involves the fast trading upward of property (both built-on property and raw land) without anything being done to the property. If you put that thousand dollars into a real estate syndicate that owns a weedy vacant lot on the edge of town, and the syndicate resells the lot for a profit a year later, your thousand dollars has produced nothing of benefit to society. Especially with a recession under way, we ought to be desperately looking for ways to put our capital to positive use—in research and development, new plants and equipment, and new construction. We need to get it out of weedy lots.

Some of the reasons for the real estate boom are immutable. When the baby-boom generation arrived at house-buying age, it obviously created a seller's market. Sustained inflation has had a similar effect, because it exaggerates the advantages of going into debt, and the classic debt-financed purchase is real estate. These forces are difficult to control. There are, however, several simple and easily reversible ways in which people are currently being encouraged to put as much money as possible into real estate. For example:

- All interest payments on the mortgage of a residence are deductible from personal income for tax purposes. This is the main tax advantage of owning rather than renting your residence, and also the main subsidy to the middle class (or rather, lately, the upper middle class) in the tax laws. Its rationale is to encourage home ownership, because that is thought to lead to social stability and a sense of security and pride on the part of the home-owner.
- The home mortgage interest deduction is a particularly dramatic help at tax time because of the way mortgage payments are computed. If you hold the standard 30-year mortgage, you'll spend the early years of the mortgage paying a lot of interest and very little principal, and the later years paying mostly principal. The reason for this method of payment is that it gives home-owners their big tax break early, when they probably need it most. But it also means that the home mortgage interest deduction's tax relief withers away with passing years, thus giving the home-owner a considerable incentive to sell, buy a new house, and start afresh with a new mortgage and big tax deductions.
- That reselling process is made easier by a provision in the tax code that exempts from taxation the profit from the sale of a residence as long as that profit is immediately plowed back into the purchase of a new residence. Obviously this is supposed to protect people from forced downward mobility. For example, if you bought a house for $30,000 in 1965 and you have to move to another town, and you sell the house for $100,000, then presumably it will take that full $100,000 to buy the exact same sized house elsewhere; if the government taxed your profit you'd be forced to buy a smaller house.
- More generally, capital gains—profits from the sale of something at a higher price than what you paid for it—are taxed at a lower rate than regular earned income. The major justification for the lower rate is to encourage investment, particularly in risky enterprises. But the capital gains provisions don't exclude capital gains on real estate; so if you buy a condominium and resell it two years later for a profit, the money you put into it hasn't helped anyone but you, and you still get the lower capital gains tax rate on your profit.
- Finally, property is taxed by local governments on the basis of its

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assessed value, which includes the value of the land and the value of what's on it. Property taxes on unimproved property are relatively low; this creates an incentive to hold on to that property in hopes of reselling it at a profit, rather than building on it, which would increase the assessment.

Mutant Monopoly

Most people who are concerned about the real estate boom see it as a problem of too-high prices that result in people not being able to afford housing. In the hottest of the boom areas—like Washington and Los Angeles—cries are going up for strict rent control, limits on condominium conversion, and anti-speculator laws. The trouble with these solutions is that they lead landlords to quit keeping up their rental properties, and to stop building new ones. Instead, they'll put their money into existing single-family housing (which is almost always exempt from rent control) where it won't do a bit of good.

It's more useful to look at the real estate boom as a problem created by the shortage of an extremely valuable commodity—housing—that results in prices for the commodity being bid sky-high and capital being swallowed up in it without necessarily producing anything useful. We need to encourage the kind of useful capital expenditure that creates more housing, while discouraging the investments that do nothing to help ease the shortage. We need to take away the breaks given to people who are tying up their money in the purchase of property on which they intend to speculate rather than build.

The best way to get at those people is to shave away their capital gains break, so that the profits realized on the sale of any piece of property will qualify for tax reductions only to the extent that the property has been improved. If you put up a subdivision on your vacant lot, you would get a big tax break; if you just resell the lot, you would get taxed heavily. Further heat could be applied to land traders by raising the property taxes on undeveloped land in metropolitan areas so high that the pressure to build on it becomes irresistible.

I'm not saying that wherever lovely green space exists, tract homes should be built. If local governments want to create parks, they should buy up land and do so; deciding what land to leave open is a major part of their responsibility to the public. But vacant lots and boarded-up houses do not constitute lovely green space. They're just space being wasted, space that ought to be built on.

In the case of individual homeowners, we should be more gentle, because home ownership ought not to be discouraged. But tax breaks like the home mortgage interest deduction could be directed to those individuals who purchase or build new housing—or rehabilitate abandoned housing—rather than those who simply buy existing housing. Other changes would discourage the average citizen with a few thousand dollars to spare from tying it up in a bigger house than he needs. If, for instance, the interest proportion of mortgage payments were averaged out over the life of the mortgage, people would have an incentive to hang on to their houses rather than reselling after a few years. If the tax break given to plowing the profits on one house into the purchase of another house were also given to the plowing of those profits into shares in a new business, people who move might not always buy the most expensive house they can possibly afford.

Until then, the real estate boom will continue to have effects very different from the effects a healthy capitalist economy is supposed to have: it will reward the owners of real estate while creating a stagnant society. The house-buying game, as it is played today in cities like Washington, is an evil mutation of "Monopoly," a version that might as well have been designed by some cynic determined to teach children the dangers of free enterprise: for all the frenetic concern with investment and return, very little seems to be produced. ■

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Roxie Munro

Where to Stay in Washington

Foggy Bottom—I

Foggy Bottom has its advantages. It's a small area (approximately 30 square blocks) but houses a number of important federal agencies, including State, AID, ICA, the Office of Personnel Management, Interior, the Federal Reserve Board, FDIC, and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, as well as the international monetary organizations and George Washington University. Within walking distance or a short subway ride are Georgetown, the downtown shopping areas, and the Mall, where the museums and monuments are. And in Foggy Bottom itself are the Kennedy Center and the Watergate complex.

But the best part is that if you're tired of staying in hotels cluttered with conventions, you're safe here. None of the ten Foggy Bottom hotels accepts convention business, and some won't even take tour groups. You also have your choice of two kinds of hotels—the usual kind plus those with apartment-size rooms and kitchens, which are often more desirable for families or longer stays. This month we report on the first category.

The Watergate Hotel, 2650 Virginia Ave. N.W., (202) 965-2300. This is Foggy Bottom's luxury hotel. It's located in the 10-acre Watergate complex, with the boutiques and restaurants of the Watergate Mall and Les Champs at your doorstep and the Kennedy Center right across the street. Like every other hotel in Washington, the Watergate is undergoing renovation. The Watergate Terrace restaurant (whose expensive fare has yet to make the four- or even three-star category), is switching from dark Spanish to a more elegant classical English decor; the new lobby lounge serves cocktails as well as afternoon tea; Jean-Louis, a "private club"—no restrictions, just a fairly stiff membership fee—will serve lunch and dinner with table phones and stock market reports on the side. The 212 rooms and 28 suites are very attractive, all overlooking either the Potomac or the terraced lawn and fountains in the complex. If you need exercise but don't feel up to a jog along the river, the Watergate Health Club's indoor pool and exercise room are free to hotel guests. Some of the suites have kitchens, but if you can afford a suite, why bother? The hotel has a multilingual butler service to prepare and arrange everything from an English tea party with antique silver to a full-fledged sit-down dinner right in your suite. There are three meeting rooms and one that can accommodate receptions of up to 300. Singles, $66-$94; doubles, $80-$108; suites, $215, $330, $600 (all prices go up about ten per cent March 1). Each additional person in room, $14; children under 12 free if no cot required. No group rates. Valet parking, $4 per night.

Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge, 2601 Virginia Ave., N.W. (800) 954-2000, (202) 965-2700. Although it's right across the street from the Watergate, there's not much similarity. This is pure HoJo—from the Muzak in the lobby to orange and turquoise doors lining the corridors and rooms with shaggy rugs and gleaming formica furniture. Additional persons in the room over the age of two are $4 each, but parking is free. And there's a roof-top pool in summertime, a tour service, a laundromat, and a refrigerator in each room to help compensate for no room service. Every room has a balcony looking out either over the expressway into town or, as some infamous guests once did, into the Watergate office building. There's a cocktail lounge on the mezzanine, and, of course, a 24-hour, family-priced Howard Johnson's restaurant and carryout, for those fried clams, franks and beans, and 28 flavors. Singles, $38 and $48; doubles, $46 and $48. Rates go up 15 to 20 per cent April 1. Group rates available for 10 or more roomsful arriving together, billed to one account.

The Allen Lee, 2224 F St. N.W., (202) 331-1224, is a place to sleep and not much else, but its rates take this into account. And unlike other Washington hotels, it isn't planning any major renovation other than what's needed to keep it operating, so the prices will stay that way. The only restaurant facilities are a coke and juice machine and the free coffee and pastry in the lobby on Sunday morning. About half the 98 rooms are with bath: Singles, $16-$22; doubles, $25 and $26. Without bath (sink in room): Singles, $14 and $15; doubles, $20. Children under 12 are free if no extra bed required; everyone else, $3 each. All rooms have TVs (with bath have color, without, black and white) and air conditioners. There are no parking facilities at the hotel, but garages are nearby.

—*Carol Trueblood*

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Diplomatic Featherbedding:

Make-work in Morocco

by Bill Keller and Ann Cooper

A friend of ours is a cultural officer in the Foreign Service. We see him occasionally on his holidays, and he always has terrific stories that fire up our sense of adventure—stories of crossing the Sahara with Bedouins, riding the White Nile steamer from Juba to Khartoum, dodging mortar fire in Lebanon. He never talks about the *work* he does, but we always assumed that this was just a diplomat's natural discretion in the presence of journalists. Once, however, at a Thanksgiving reunion of old friends, we asked him for a specific example of what it is, exactly, that a cultural officer does. There was a long, hesitant pause, and then he came up with one: he had once arranged the visit of an American bluegrass band to Kuwait.

More recently, we spent ten days in a medium-sized American embassy, talking with the employees, looking in on the mechanics of American diplomacy. We still envy our friend his adventures, but we now fully understand his reluctance to talk about his work. The international intrigue, the classified cables, the ringside seat at the unfolding of great events—this is the glamorous image of diplomacy, an image carefully nurtured by generations of State Department officials. Close up, the picture is very different; our experience suggests that on an overseas tour of duty the typical diplomat lives a life largely consumed by make-work, devoid of genuine responsibility and contributing little to the advancement of America's interests abroad.

The embassy we visited was the United States mission at Rabat, Morocco. Rabat looked like a good place to come face to face with our foreign affairs bureaucracy in action under relatively favorable conditions. Morocco and the United States are old diplomatic acquaintances, with relations dating back to George Washington. Situated on the Strait of Gibralter, Morocco has more than middling significance in the politics of Europe, Africa, and the Middle East. The

Bill Keller and Ann Cooper are Washington reporters.

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government of King Hassan is friendly to the United States, and relatively open and easy to deal with, although relations are complicated by the king's controversial war against Algerian-backed guerrillas for control of the former Spanish Sahara to the southwest.

For a foreign service officer, Morocco is a lucky assignment. Rabat has a California climate, pleasant beaches, tree-shaded streets, most of the Western amenities, and easy access to Morocco's exotic cultural heritage. Ten newspapers are available—mostly bad, but diversely bad. Casablanca, the commercial capital, is as pleasant as Rabat and more lively. "This is easy. This is paradise. Tourists come here," a junior officer told us.

So while there is probably no such thing as a truly typical American embassy, Morocco was probably as good a window on the Foreign Service as any. If there were problems, they could not be blamed on a harsh environment or a hostile government; they were likely to be symptomatic of the system itself.

Strap-Hangers

It was during our stay in Rabat that we ran across an article in *The International Herald Tribune* reporting that President Carter had sent a team from the Office of Management and Budget and the State Department to study the possibility of cutting back the American presence overseas. The President's interest had been stirred by the reports of two retiring ambassadors, Hermann Eilts (Egypt) and Marvin Warner (Switzerland), who told the President that the Foreign Service was bloated and inefficient.

"When I asked them on retirement, 'What is your major suggestion for improvement?' " Carter recalled, "they both said, 'We have entirely too many people in the foreign embassies of our country. . . . We could do a much better job with half as many people.' "

Eilts had special reason for his distress. As America rushed to embrace its new friend, Anwar Sadat, his outpost had ballooned from a six-person "interest section," occupying space in the Spanish embassy in Cairo, into a sprawling conglomerate of 169 Americans representing half a dozen departments of the U.S. government. (His successor, Roy Atherton, interviewed after his first few weeks on the job, complained that "this place is filled up with State Department strap-hangers.")

What happened suddenly in Egypt has happened—if less dramatically—throughout the Foreign Service. Morocco is no exception. The embassy in Rabat and its two branches in Casablanca and Tangier now house 138 American and 190 Moroccan employees. This figure does not include a number of people not counted as regular employees on the embassy payroll: a few dozen people on short-term contracts, a Voice of America relay station in Tangier that employs more than 100 persons, a four-man regional security team housed in Casablanca, and 138 Peace Corps volunteers.

Of this force, only 29 people are Foreign Service Officers (FSOs), members of the elite corps that performs the traditional functions most people think of when they think of embassies. The FSOs include the ambassador and his deputy, the political officers who study trends in Moroccan politics and communicate with the Moroccan government, economic officers who study the local economy, and the consular officers who handle visa applications and look after the interests of Americans overseas.

Who are the others and what are they doing there?

A large delegation belongs to the independent Agency for International Development (AID), which employs 39 Americans and 19 Moroccans on a variety of foreign aid projects. Don't get the idea that these people are out supervising grain deliveries, training farmers, surveying irrigation ditches, and generally making themselves conspicuous as representatives of American largesse. Almost all of them hold desk jobs in Rabat; they are "program officers" and "project de-

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signers." The actual work is carried out by the Moroccan government or by subcontractors such as Catholic Relief Services.

Not surprisingly, we found that the AID people had a particularly tough time explaining what they do all day. One of the agency's top officials finally put things into perspective for us.

"We could run with 25- to 50-percent fewer people if we were a private business," he said. "Our problem is the great amount of time we spend justifying ourselves. It's a bureaucratic process. We make our case and plan new projects for our audience—the agency in Washington. They, in turn, make the case to Congress.

"Not too long ago," he continued, "AID in Morocco started out promoting a project in range management. By the time the American and Moroccan bureaucracies had negotiated the details, and a proposal had been sent to Washington, and changes had been sent back, and the project had been renegotiated and re-reviewed, and a contract had been worked out with an American university to do the work, and documentation had been sent to Congress and money appropriated, two-and-a-half years had elapsed since the original idea. In that time, details change, of course. And we have a law saying that each change must be sent to Congress to lie there for three weeks.

"It's time-consuming, labor-intensive, and, in the final analysis, not of much use. The congressman from upstate New York has no way of knowing whether we need three technicians or four. It doesn't lead to better control."

It does, however, contribute to AID's reputation as a singularly sluggish bureaucratic dinosaur. We ran into an AID officer with past service in Morocco who recalled an instance when the Moroccan government asked AID *not* to contribute to an irrigation project "because they felt AID would hold things up."

Another six Americans and 29 Moroccans work for the International Communication Agency (ICA)—formerly the U.S. Information Agency—the cultural and propaganda arm of the embassy. They answer press inquiries (infrequent in Morocco), pump out State Department briefing transcripts and clippings from the American press, and run a small library in Rabat. On the cultural front, one of their accomplishments is to feed tapes of American pop music to the hungry Moroccan radio station. An ICA official conceded that this is at best superfluous in a country where John Travolta is already the leading heartthrob. . . "but it's so easy." (To its credit, ICA is the only foreign service section that has actually spun off some of its responsibilities—in Rabat, English language training classes and an American bookstore started up by ICA are now self-sufficient.)

The military has two contingents in the embassy. A brass-heavy defense attache's office has high-ranking representation from the Navy, Army, and Air Force to "interface" with the Moroccan military, arrange sewage hookups for the visiting American warships, and give the embassy's political officers a "military perspective" on developments in the country. They do not appear to be overworked, but they are augmented by a separate military assistance group—designated the "Moroccan-United States Liaison Office" because of Moroccan sensitivity about American aid—whose mission is to help upgrade and fortify the Moroccan armed services, especially along the nervous border with Algeria. In theory, they keep their skirts clear of involvement with King Hassan's Saharan war, but in practice, of course, there is almost no way to divorce American aid from that adventure.

The Department of Agriculture has two men and a secretary in Rabat, charged with preparing periodic reports on North African commodities and generally looking out for the interests of American farmers. The Department of Commerce, while not directly represented, speaks through a commercial officer who says he promotes American trade. The Drug Enforcement Administration is also on the scene, represented by an attache and a secretary. And hidden somewhere in this potpourri of officials are

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the representatives of the Central Intelligence Agency.

Creating Jobs

All of these sections are dwarfed by the one called "administrative." Inside the walls of the Rabat embassy are 279 people on the American payroll; 95 of them are there solely to drive cars, fix the toilets, hand out paychecks and provide security for the other 184. It takes seven Foreign Service officers to supervise this effort—more than are employed in the prestigious political section. One young officer we met had recently completed his first assignment in Abu Dhabi, analyzing oil production policies. In Rabat, his expertise was more urgently needed as a junior administrative officer. "It's a little depressing," he sighed, "to think that I may not get another assignment as good as Abu Dhabi for another ten years."

The demand for administrators reflects a basic fact of embassy life: One reason our embassies in places like Rabat are so large is that they create so much of their own work. For example, administrative chief John Garon was late for an interview with us because he had spent four hours of his workday attending a board meeting of the private American school in Rabat, where most embassy people send their children. Garon's wife is on the payroll part-time, as an "Embassy Liaison Officer," a post newly created to help new embassy employees from the states adjust to the inconveniences of life overseas. And the day we interviewed the acting head of the embassy, Peter Moffat, he had been called upon to solve the urgent problem of children making noise when they use the embassy's swimming pool.

A more significant example of the embassy's self-generated workload is the amount of official time that Rabat—and, we were assured, the entire Foreign Service—devotes to debating The Spouse Question. How do you keep the wife or husband of an FSO from feeling bored and frustrated overseas? It's a legitimate issue, but not what one instinctively thinks of as a major task of diplomacy.

Whenever the plumbing is working and the spouses are mollified, the diplomats have time to pursue the inter-agency rivalries within the American community. Overseas, as in Washington, officials instinctively devote their primary loyalty to the particular agency that employs them, rather than to any vague notion of overriding American interests. A pathetic example: When we asked an ICA official in Casablanca why he doesn't charge rent to a private language school that uses his building for classes, he asked what would be the point. ICA couldn't keep the money, after all; it would have to go to that alien organization, the United States Treasury.

So the Americans who work for the State Department in our embassies spend part of their time attempting to influence the Americans who work for the "independent" AID, ICA, or CIA, and vice versa. Wars between these agencies may start in Washington, but skirmishes are fought vigorously at outposts scattered across the globe. Diplomats assured us that having "a diversity of voices" reporting to Washington from overseas ultimately leads to a more intelligent policy. But, with each embassy reproducing in miniature the feudal structure of the federal establishment, about the only certain effect is to add to the amount of time our emissaries spend negotiating with each other rather than with foreign governments.

In other instances, these divisions lead to a foreign policy apparatus that operates at cross-purposes. The classic case is the tension between AID and the Department of Agriculture over Public Law 480, the "Food for Peace" program of commodity gifts and loans to needy countries. The Agriculture Department supports the program as an outlet for American farmers. AID officials, on the other hand, generally agree that it depresses prices in the receiving countries, discouraging Third World farmers from increasing

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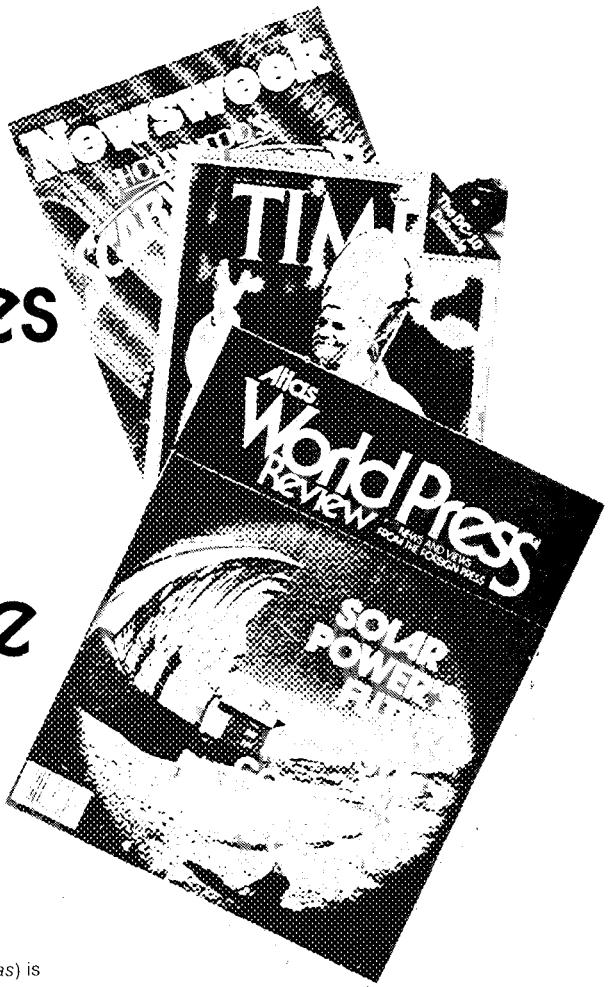

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their own output. In several countries—India and Pakistan, for example—the American government has substantial staffs simultaneously advocating both approaches.

In other countries this conflict has been resolved, not on the basis of consistency or common sense but as a function of factional strength. Mali, one of the poorest nations on earth, receives no Food for Peace grain now. The AID mission in Mali is large, powerful, and committed to a policy of Malian self-sufficiency. But in Morocco the American farmer has prevailed, through the efforts of the Agriculture Department and diplomats eager to show their devotion to Hassan's government by giving him aid. The country receives $30 million a year under P.L. 480. Having lost this policy dispute, the AID mission in Rabat has dutifully fallen into line to help administer the program—to the extent, according to one insider, of writing deliberately misleading reports telling how well the Moroccan government accounts for the grain. So much for "diversity of voices."

Feed the Paper Lion

Back in the early days of U.S.-Moroccan relations, the sultan gave the American consul in Tangier a lion, which protocol required the diplomat to accept. He dispatched an urgent message to Washington requesting a budget supplement to feed the beast. Since the message went by clipper ship, it took some months for the State Department reply to reach Tangier. By then, the consul had already exercised independent judgment. He had a hungry lion in his home, and he fed it.

Nowadays before the lion had worked up a healthy appetite, the wireless dish atop AMEMBASSY RABAT would have scooped up detailed instructions on how to proceed. Modern, high-speed communications have done more than anything else to transform the Foreign Service. In theory, they mean the government is always on its toes. In practice, they provide the Foreign Service with perhaps its most important means of multiplying man-hours. Having access to a wireless machine and aerograms and mail pouches, both Washington and its outposts feel compelled to use them—in part because cable traffic is one of the few tangible measures of individual job performance in the Foreign Service, in part because it is the pulsebeat that proves to Washington that the embassy is alive and on the job. So the Foreign Service spends a lot of time talking to itself.

The economic section of the Rabat embassy, for example, has a list of 28 "routine" reports it must file each year for the benefit of American businessmen, ranging from the statistical seed catalog, "Foreign Economic Trends and Their Implications for the United States," to a list of Moroccan holidays (this in a country where the king likes to proclaim holidays a few days in advance).

Queries arrive unfiltered and unclarified. The Environmental Protection Agency wants information on the status of an endangered species. The State Department wants a report on "decision-making in Morocco." Our embassy in Mali recently got a request for a report on the Malian navy. Since Mali is landlocked, the report may be unusually brief.

The authors of these reports realize that many if not most of them are destined for dusty archives or wastebaskets. Washington doesn't have the capacity to digest the paper it orders so voraciously. One American in Rabat, harking back to his days as a desk officer in the State Department in Washington, said it was a slow day when 50 such reports hit his desk. Confronting the pile, he gradually found himself reading only the summaries of the cables. "If *I* wasn't reading the full text," he recalled, "*nobody* was."

But in Rabat, the drafting, redrafting, reviewing, analysis, and transmission of these doomed cables forms a focal point of embassy activity.

"If I did a cable," said a young AID economist formerly stationed in Rabat, "it went to the program officer in

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draft form, as well as to the director or assistant director and related divisions. It would take two or three weeks to get a single cable cleared and out of the mission." As we were leaving Morocco, early in July, the embassy was sending cable number 4737 for 1979—a description of a new Moroccan tax. That's an average of 34 cables every working day since January.

For every hour consumed struggling with the wording of an outgoing cable to the State Department in response to a request for the latest on "the status of Moroccan women," it appeared that at least as much time was spent simply reading the far greater volume of incoming messages arriving from Washington and from other foreign posts. One senior political officer estimated that up to a third of his time was consumed by the effluvia from Washington. At ICA Rabat alone, a secretary said, there is enough incoming classified material to fill two "burn bags" a day.

Many of these cables could be ignored in full confidence that neither the United States nor Morocco would ever notice. The problem for an FSO is that somewhere in the stack of cables on his desk there may be something that bears at least tangentially on the substance of his job—for example, a message warning of congressional review of an aid program that the embassy administers, for which justifications must be prepared and defenses assembled. The only way to find this needle, alas, is to go through the entire haystack. And so the FSO spends hours wading nervously through his inbox, hoping to find the potentially explosive piece of paper and feeling, by dinner time, that he's been through the mill.

Many of the cables from Washington announce the travel plans of some luminary or amend a previous announcement on the same subject. Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps recently kept the entire Rabat embassy busy for a week when she blew in with an entourage of 40 people for a courtesy call on the Moroccan government and a sidetrip—not to the commercial capital, Casablanca, but to the tourist capital, Marrakesh. (It's no wonder that Senator Claiborne Pell, the congressional champion of the Foreign Service, says he finds consulates "working very hard" whenever he visits. They're probably working on his itinerary.)

On a Short Leash

The prodigious cable traffic between Rabat and Washington means more than unnecessary work and full wastebaskets. It means that despite all the FSOs, attaches, and support personnel in the embassy, responsibility and judgment are almost totally centralized in Washington. We arrived in Rabat under the impression that American Foreign Service Officers negotiate with foreign governments. We left convinced that they are little more than couriers in the negotiating process, delivering cables from home, or, in the case of more sensitive negotiations, playing escort to specialists arriving from Foggy Bottom.

Washington does not reserve the initiative just for special occasions like Mideast peace talks, the general trade agreement, or SALT. Rabat diplomats currently dickering with the Moroccans on terms of a treaty governing peaceful uses of nuclear power are compelled to follow a precise script from headquarters at each negotiating session. And after these preliminaries, the final terms of the treaty will be negotiated at meetings in Washington.

When King Hassan and President Carter agreed last year to expand American-Moroccan cultural ties, ICA decided to institute a modest $500,000 program for the exchange of about 35 scholars. To create a joint commission to run the program, the U.S. government sent in two men from Washington because, an ICA official in Rabat explained, "no one here had negotiating expertise." One veteran diplomat, now a deputy chief of mission in another African capital, summed up his negotiating career this way: "I entered the Foreign Service at

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age 21, figuring the first thing I'd do would be negotiate major treaties, and then I'd go from there. I've been in 24 years, with two years off for the army, and I've never negotiated a treaty."

It is right, of course, that American foreign policy should be in the hands of the administration elected to make it. At the same time, many FSOs may have been on a short leash for so long that they suffer from paralyzed judgment. The institutional acknowledgment that Washington by-God knows best can have tragic consequences when, as happened in Vietnam and Iran, the administration's predisposition distorts intelligence from the field or causes timid field officers to censor themselves.

The 'Alternative Channel'

In the wake of those debacles, the Foreign Service now encourages its officers to be "courageous," and provides an "alternative channel" for dissenting officers to communicate directly with Washington. But nothing in the experience of an FSO prepares him to seize this opportunity. His entire training teaches him to adhere to the script, to be inoffensive, to iron out differences rather than air them. The officers who described the "alternative channel" also made it perfectly clear that only in exceptional circumstances would they use it.

This timidity is reinforced by an evaluation system so clouded in diplomatic hyperbole that the slightest pejorative nuance can have devastating effect. "When you fill out the reports now, everyone can walk on water," one Rabat section chief told us. "It's just a matter of determining how far above water. Almost anything negative in a report can be damaging, so the evaluating officer is reluctant to put down anything negative. He might say, 'So-and-so was less good in this field.'" If a veteran FSO is not brave enough to candidly appraise the people who work under him because it might destroy their careers, how eager will he be to criticize those above him, and risk his own?

For the sake of comparison with the sprawling American facility in Rabat, we also visited the smaller and more isolated embassy in Bamako, capital of Mali. The Mali mission is about half the size of the one in Morocco (most of it consists of an outsized AID delegation), and Mali receives little of the State Department attention lavished on Morocco. As a result, the Foreign Service outpost in Mali seems to be too small to have achieved the critical mass necessary to generate most of its own work. And many of the problems we had found in Rabat were absent in Bamako.

Morale among the FSOs, for one thing, was strikingly higher. It was not simply that Bamako, as a "hardship post," engendered a community spirit missing amid the comforts of Morocco. The FSOs in Mali also seemed to take a greater satisfaction in their work. Because the embassy is so much smaller, they are forced to be more selective in the use of their time, readily ignoring petty requests. And since the State Department contingent is not big enough to be specialized, the diplomats share each other's duties. When the political officer travels around the country he collects rainfall information, checks to see if seeds are being distributed to farmers, notes road conditions—all information important to the economic officer. While he's on the road, the consular officer frequently fills in for him.

Because Mali is "not as important" as Morocco, Washington gives the outpost more autonomy. The political officer there recently negotiated the establishment of a small military aid program that he, in the absence of a military attache, will supervise himself. One young AID economist in Mali who had previously served in Morocco described the contrast between the two embassies: "Here, I write a cable, and if it's correct and reasonable, it goes. It's just that people here have more things to do to occupy themselves than pick cables to pieces. In Rabat, everything was make-work. There was no real program."

If most of the energy in an embassy like Rabat is spent attending to the

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needs of three wholly American constituencies—the embassy itself, the bureaucratic factions, and Washington—the time left to confront the natives appears to be spent in a way unlikely to apprise our diplomats of the complete political situation of their host country. The vast majority of external contacts seems to be with other diplomats, either in the native elite or in other embassies around town. To facilitate these contacts, the Rabat mission—like all U.S. embassies—has a "representation" fund, amounting in Rabat's case to $14,900 plus a $3,000 supplement for the ICA. This money goes for one grand party a year for the entire diplomatic community, and frequent luncheons and cocktail parties aimed at cozying up to the local "opinion leaders," the editors and educators and government ministers. Even the lowest FSOs are expected to maintain a full schedule of these social activities.

We attended the embassy's Fourth of July party, the major fling of the year. It seemed a comfortable affair—diplomats exchanged hearty pleasantries around the ambassador's swimming pool while waiters scooted to and fro under the arbors of bougainvillea, bearing cocktails and canapes. Junior officers mingled dutifully, pausing occasionally to record a prize: a home phone number, a luncheon date. But for one FSO who was required to attend similar functions a couple of times a week, it was a tiring duty. "It will probably be the low point of my week," he told us before the Independence Day wingding. "I've about had my fill of false smiles and superficial chitchat."

The isolation of the American diplomatic community appeared to be reinforced by an embarrassing shortage of foreign language skills. Neither of us is fluently multilingual, so we aren't expert critics, but we found no American in the Rabat embassy who could speak the Arabic dialect spoken by the common people of Morocco—and in AID we found several people who did not even speak French, the official language. We were told that the funds Washington allows for language training are perennially short.

But the language problem is magnified by the Foreign Service policy of changing diplomatic assignments every two to four years, a rotation rate much faster than that of most countries. The theory is that this protects against what the FSOs call "localitis," the syndrome of starting to think like a native—rooting for the host country instead of for Washington. Unfortunately, the program also ensures that diplomats do not stay in any one country long enough to learn very much about it. (The rotation system has a related affliction. Normally there is a gap—sometimes of months—between the departure of an FSO and the arrival of his replacement—"because," we were told, "everyone likes to change posts in the summer, when school is out." The result is a break in the embassy's institutional momentum and memory; the incoming officer, deprived of direct contact with the officer he replaced, may spend his first year learning what his predecessor could have taught him in a few days.)

The sheer size and complexity of the American community in Morocco gives our diplomats little incentive to leave their sheltered embassy lives. We found that American officials in their travels rarely departed from the Rabat-Casablanca axis, in part because they are tethered to their paperwork and in part because they have become so specialized that a general familiarity with the country assumes secondary importance for them. The head of the political section in Rabat said he felt that he and his subordinates should "get out in the country" at least once every three weeks. "But," he added, "we don't." In contrast, the lone political officer in Bamako has visited each of Mali's important towns two or three times in his first year on the job.

The final, and perhaps most significant, insulating factor appears to be the Foreign Service lifestyle itself. If you want to test the limits of a diplomat's tact, raise questions about servants, the swimming pools, the big cars and cocktail parties. Congressional critics have belabored these luxuries with hypocritical glee for

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years, and FSOs are understandably touchy on the subject.

They will admit the perks are there. Yes, the AID employees in water-starved Mali have swimming pools and a staff of 16 chauffeurs. Yes, embassy families in Rabat shop at a commissary, live in air-conditioned comfort in the affluent suburb of Soussi, send their children to a determinedly American private school, and seem to spend a fair amount of time hoisting cocktails. Yes, the consul-general in Casablanca and his deputy in charge of Moroccan labor affairs live in the splendid villas occupied by Churchill and Roosevelt during the Casablanca conference.

But, they will argue, the luxuries are a fair reward for the pressures of foreign living; the servants are necessary to liberate you to do the work; a local dignitary would be insulted if you were to "invite him to a two-bedroom apartment, two flights up, and serve stew."

True as that may be, it is also clear that, in gesture and in fact, our emissaries have removed themselves from the Moroccan rank and file, particularly the poor, rural, illiterate majority. If there is a shortage of a local commodity, the foreign service in Rabat won't feel it because the military commissary is always well-stocked. If the natives suffer from erratic electricity, what is that to the FSO whose home has its own generator? If there is an erosion of authority in the cities, how soon will it be felt by diplomats who travel between guarded gates in chauffeured cars?

One American attache was amazed to learn that Moroccans were restive about the inflation and government austerity measures brought on by the Saharan war. He learned this from his secretary. Another junior officer recounted to us his horror the first time he took a personal package to the Rabat post office. Confronted with an array of windows, each labeled in Arabic and each with a long, jostling line of Moroccans waiting, he turned around and drove back to the embassy, handing his package to the functionary who usually takes care of such things for the American officials. After being told these stories, it was hard not to think of the Americans who phoned their embassy in Tehran, days before the Shah's downfall, to inquire about the mobs rampaging in the streets—only to be told, confidently, that the government had everything under control.

Trimming and Cropping

We're glad that President Carter has an inter-agency team out examining America's embassies. But half a dozen weighty books since the days of the Kennedy administration have already chronicled the growth and torpor of the U.S. Foreign Service. Morocco, as a living example of these problems, also helps to explain why these critiques have had so little effect.

This year, for example, the State Department boldly proposed the closing of the American consulate in Tangier, an outpost consisting of 19 employees ensconced in an expensive and famously atmospheric building. The department said that the "small to moderate" workload of the consulate could be handled in Rabat, or by a consular agent, at an estimated annual saving of $210,000. The proposal coasted through Congress until Senator Richard Stone of Florida objected on the grounds that it would be unfair to "punish" Morocco after King Hassan had taken a "moderate" position on the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty. While most embassy officials in Rabat will agree that the Tangier consulate could be reduced or eliminated, they officially protested the proposed closure.

All told, State flagged 13 consulates for closure, and, in what has become an annual exercise, Congress restored ten, mostly for reasons unrelated to the smooth exercise of U.S. foreign policy. Turin was spared, for instance, because Italian-Americans objected; Nice was saved because of its strategic importance to those American tourists who can afford to visit the Riviera; Salzburg and Bremen survived, in part, for "historical reasons, sentimental rea-

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sons," in the words of Senator Pell.

Just as often, however, the administration has given up on proposed economies even before it sends them to Congress. In 1978, an appraisal team from the International Communication Agency recommended, in a classified report, that the agency shut down its "cultural center" in Casablanca and abolish most of its positions there. After an internal struggle, the agency finally acceded to a compromise that gave it the worst of both worlds; the ICA library, housed in the agency's former villa in Casablanca, was closed and its books given away, but the center itself was kept. ICA now has a director and a staff of seven Moroccans in a building decorated with prints of American artwork—and no program.

Given the prodigious capacity of our embassies to create their own work, it is doubtful if any administration will ever make a dramatic dent in the Foreign Service bureaucracy through these traditional methods of "trimming deadwood." If our experience in Rabat and Bamako is any indication, the problem with the Foreign Service is not that there are hundreds of American diplomats around the world who are doing nothing, who are "deadwood" in the classic sense. The problem is that there are thousands of American diplomats who are visibly busy—fixing the cars, criticizing the memos, reading the transatlantic cables of other American diplomats. This cycle of self-dealing will not be halted by lopping off a consular limb here and there. What is needed are systematic reforms that will dramatically reduce the embassies' capacity to create overseas jobs for Americans.

One reason the economizers in the State Department must content themselves with nibbling reductions, of course, is that much of the genuine fat in the system is beyond State's control. An ambassador is nominally in charge of all the American emissaries in his country once they are there. But many of those people are assigned, budgeted, and carefully protected by other departments. If Cyrus Vance thinks the Agriculture attaches are a waste of money or a hindrance to his foreign policy objectives, it will cost him a cabinet-level war to do something about it. A better system might give the State Department—or *somebody*—responsibility for creating, budgeting, and filling all assignments overseas. If an ambassador needed a drug expert or a farming expert, he could still borrow one from the relevant domestic department. The Peace Corps—which would be destroyed by being pulled under the embassy umbrella—could remain independent.

Regrettably, the Carter administration seems to be headed in just the opposite direction. In his recent reorganization proposal for the Commerce Department, Carter has succumbed to that agency's longtime demand to set up its own independent overseas trade service.

A second problem is that the State Department has concentrated on phasing out the extraneous consulates while failing to question the need for the embassies to which they are attached. State has succeeded—despite the best efforts of Senator Pell—in reducing the number of consular branches from 146 to 111. But the number of embassies has remained substantially constant. If trimming old branches is a good idea, chopping down some dead trees might be even better.

This is a shocking thought for those who accept it as axiomatic that when we recognize a country, we show the flag in the form of a full-dress embassy: we've always done it that way. But it doesn't have to be so.

The main difference between an embassy and a consulate is, after all, the presence of an ambassador—along with the extra staff, office space, security, pomp and perquisites that go with the office. Such an august level of representation may be indispensable in Paris or Tokyo—but not in Tchad or Togo. There are a number of ways to eliminate the window-dressing of embassies without impairing our ability to monitor important events, protect our citizens overseas, and maintain contact with foreign governments.

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One is a return to regional embassies in areas of the globe where American interests are not deeply involved. Great Britain, for example, does not have an embassy in Mali, but serves that country and several others from its embassy in Dakar, Senegal. America could do likewise, keeping a lower-level presence in each country to do political reporting, handle visa applications and so forth.

In some countries we could contract with the embassies of allied countries to use their space and support services, avoiding the expense of maintaining our own buildings, communications equipment, and administrative staff. In exchange, we could provide comparable services elsewhere. Remember that when Ambassador Eilts first went to Egypt, the American presence consisted of six people housed in the Spanish embassy.

In fact, the Foreign Service already does contract out a lot of its work to former Peace Corps volunteers, to foreign nationals and third-country citizens. The guards at embassy housing, the supervisors of foreign aid grain deliveries, and many of the secretaries are contract employees. As long as this system is not used simply to hide the real costs of the bureaucracy, it has significant advantages. Contract employees can be hired and fired more cheaply and easily than those protected by civil service; they can be hired for part-time work; they do not represent a waste of well-trained, well-paid FSOs; they are more likely to have local knowledge and language skills; and they need not sever their ties to the real world to join the insulated world of diplomacy.

While no one would want to replace our embassies with a string of franchisees, the foreign service might profit in several ways from a dramatic expansion of this contract system. Much as large newspapers use "stringers" to keep in touch with far-flung corners of their circulation areas, the American envoy in any country of substantial size or importance could run a network of part-timers empowered (depending on the particular need) to process visa applications, report elementary economic data and local political conditions, and in some cases perform ceremonial functions that now consume the time of higher-ups. (In Morocco, handing out diplomas at Moroccan universities is a common and dispensible chore performed by American diplomats.) Teachers, businessmen, or aid officials could be enlisted for this work. Indeed, some nations still do this to an extent by maintaining "honorary consuls."

There are some current activities of our embassies, of course, that should neither be reorganized, downgraded, or contracted out, but rather abolished entirely. In particular, the continued existence of the International Communication Agency seems incontestable evidence that nobody in the Carter administration takes "zero-based budgeting" seriously. The idea that America needs an independent agency to promote what is the world's most pervasive culture is silly; as for winning hearts and minds, we should know by now that we'll be judged by what we do, not what we say. The only part of ICA that seems worth preserving is the Voice of America, which, for all its shortcomings, is the only reasonably straightforward news source available to much of the world.

But America will always need someone to do the basic job our embassies—at least in theory—attempt to do: to provide us with accurate information about the world, to protect our essential interests, to promote peace. The important lesson of our stay in Rabat, for us, was a realization of the myriad ways our embassies direct their energies inward, at their own peers and superiors, rather than outward, at the foreign government with which they are supposed to come to terms. Until an administration comes along that is willing to directly confront this fact, our government will continue to be served, in an area requiring the deftest of footwork, by a sluggish, fat-bound bureaucracy. As for the diplomats themselves, the glamor of a life in the foreign service of their country will remain a fragile gloss on a hollow job. ■

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Make Our 'Allies' Pay

by Vincent Wilson

Military and political strategy throughout the world has been dominated since 1945 by the balance of terror created by the nuclear missile forces of the United States and the Soviet Union. At the risk of holocaust, this balance has in fact given the world a measure of stability. Although the rigid "us-them" mentality of the Cold War has declined over the past decade, it remains true that our offsetting nuclear weapons provide the foundation of the world's security. With luck—most significantly in controlling the proliferation of these weapons—they may continue to do so for a few decades more, until nations learn better ways to ensure respect for each other's sovereignty.

But concealed within the balance of terror, hidden beneath all the talk of "throwweight advantages" and "verifiability" that has come to dominate the arms debate, is a basic imbalance. It is not the imbalance of nuclear potency that the anti-SALT hawks claim to see. It is an imbalance of economic loyalties rather than megatons.

Nuclear weapons, no one will dispute, cost fantastic sums of money (currently we spend more than $20 billion on them each year). They are going to cost even more in the future, SALT or no SALT. But the benefits of these staggering expenditures are reaped not only by the two superpowers, but by all the nations that huddle together under their respective nuclear umbrellas. For the Russians, that means primarily the Warsaw Pact countries, along with the Cubas and Vietnams of the less developed world. For the United States, it means the nations of what we still like to call the "free world."

That's where the imbalance lies. The Soviet Union, by virtue of the economic control it exercises over the Warsaw Pact nations, has the power to make most of the economies under its nuclear guardianship bear their share of the cost. But the United States has never had similar support from its allies. In maintaining a credible missile force, we have, by and large, had to go it alone.

There are increasing signs that we won't be able to go it alone for very much longer. An era of 30-odd years of unprecedented economic growth appears to be coming to an end for us. Our increasing balance of payments deficit, our declining productivity and currency, and our increasing dependence on foreign raw materials all cast doubt on whether we can continue to spend a large chunk of our GNP to maintain the nuclear leverage that even

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the most dovish experts agree is essential.

Ironically, this decline in productive capacity has been hastened by the actions of many of our allies who currently enjoy the defense benefits that our economy must finance. The most dramatic and compelling examples, of course, are the OPEC nations. Although a few have been flirting with the Soviet Union, when it comes to choosing sides, most of the thirteen would undoubtedly put themselves in the "free-world" column. Yet the repeated oil price increases they have inflicted on the world for the past six years have eroded the productive capacity of all oil-consuming nations—most of all, the United States.

But OPEC is by no means the only example. Japan's trade barriers to our food and manufactured products represent another action by a strategic ally to boost its domestic prosperity at the expense of U.S. economic strength. While Japanese goods flood our markets, the explicit and implicit ceilings on our sales to Japan—like the price hikes of OPEC oil—have restricted our productive capacity, limiting our tax base and, ultimately, our defense dollars.

Nations like Japan and the members of OPEC cannot have it both ways forever—maximizing their profits at the expense of the nation that pays for the nuclear force that protects them. It is, in fact, more than a bit tiring to hear sheiks complain about the weakness of the dollar, or the Japanese chide us on our inflation rate, all the while taking for granted that they will be protected by the massive defense outlays that are a major source of our inflation and the weakness of our currency. West Germany, a country that borders on the Warsaw bloc, a country with a strong economy and an inflation rate last year of only 2.8 per cent, recently declined to meet its commitment for increased NATO expenditures because, according to the West German defense minister, its security is not threatened.

Who's kidding whom here? If the Polish and East German tanks arrayed behind the West German border were allowed to roll as far as, say, the Rhine without fear of U.S. nuclear retaliation, who would suffer?

And what about Japan, a country that now spends a miniscule portion of its GNP on its own defenses? Suppose the Russians invaded the Japanese islands—is it our security, freedom, and prosperity that would be destroyed? It might be hard to tell amid the ill-concealed squeals of glee coming from our auto and electronics industries.

It's time to stop the hypocrisy and make our "allies" pay their share of the strategic bill that guarantees their survival. About three decades ago, when Europe and Japan were recovering from the decimation of war, it may have made sense for the U.S. to take a paternalistic view, to willingly offer a free ride on our nuclear deterrent. About two decades ago this attitude became patently anachronistic, as the former Axis powers and the war-ravaged allies emerged as our major commercial rivals. It is now an anachronism we can't afford.

We might motivate our allies to acknowledge their responsibilities by offering a candid projection of our future revenues and strategic needs—demonstrating that we are at the point of being unable to finance a credible nuclear shield by ourselves. We might propose, at the same time, a reasonable timetable within which our allies could be expected to begin sharing the costs.

Such a policy, firmly pursued, would bring a healthy realism to the smug carping of our trading partners about the economic problems that they helped create. And it would serve to remind all nations that no country is independent and free to act in its own interest in precisely the same way nations were before Hiroshima. The reality of nuclear arms has driven us to seek accommodation, through SALT, with our major international rival. It must eventually bring us together with our supposed allies, in some form of cooperative effort to protect ourselves and our interests in the years ahead. Given the present global alignment, there is no rational alternative. We've waited too long already. ■

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Richard Reeves on Political Books

I have never heard more hostility toward a book than I have heard in the last few weeks about *Small Futures* by Richard H. de Lone. It is the book, sponsored by the Carnegie Council on Children and published by Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, that says there really isn't any upward mobility in America.

Friends and acquaintances, upwardly mobile all, have attacked the book in short rhetorical bursts that usually end up with something like: "The man must be an idiot. Everybody knows, their experience tells them, this is bullshit!"

None of those people, to my knowledge, has read the book. Their reactions were triggered by reviews. Mine was, too—I was outraged reading the *New York Times* review. I thought de Lone must be a myopic statistics reader of some sort.

In reading the book, I discovered that criticism had focused on the first two of 203 pages. De Lone writes clearly and in those first pages he sets out his thesis with an example I am summarizing here:

"Jimmy is a second grader. He pays attention in school, and he enjoys it. School records show that he is reading slightly above grade level and has a slightly better than average IQ. Bobby is a second grader in a school across town. . . his test scores are quite similar to Jimmy's. Bobby is a safe bet to enter college (more than four times as likely as Jimmy) and a good bet to complete it—at least 12 times as likely as Jimmy. Bobby will probably have at least four years more schooling than Jimmy. He is 27 times as likely as Jimmy to land a job which by his late forties will pay him an income in the top tenth of all incomes. Jimmy has about one chance in eight of earning a median income. . . .

"Bobby is the son of a successful lawyer whose annual salary of $35,000 puts him well within the top 10 per cent of the United States income distribution in 1976. Jimmy's father, who did not complete high school, works from time to time as a messenger or custodial assistant. His earnings, some $4,800, put him in the bottom ten per cent."

Okay, so a banker's kid has a better chance to make it than a bum's. What else is new? The "27 times as likely" may not be new, but it certainly is a jarring way to put it to people who made it on their own and think they did because they were good—smart and tough and hard-working.

De Lone says it was ever thus. He asserts, using carefully selected and not totally convincing data, that the number of Americans who escape imprisonment in lower classes has been relatively stable over the centuries. He derides the impact of liberal "reforms"—Jacksonian, Progressive, and the Johnsonian Great Society.

His one concession to more traditional views of America is agreement that "absolute" poverty has decreased in these United States. "There is no

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disputing the fact," he writes, "that the standard of living for everyone—including the poor—has risen substantially in the United States in the last generation. The average family in the bottom 20 percent of the income distribution has considerably more purchasing power than a great majority of the families that live in Bangladesh or India today. . . . The point is simple: we judge our well-being by the here and now."

A grudging concession. And he is not as generous about equality of opportunity—which is what most Americans believe in. De Lone believes in equality—or, at least, in egalitarianism. "It is important to remember," he says, "that 'equal opportunity' tells us nothing about equality of condition. To use a simple example, if society consisted of a rich king and 900,000 impoverished subjects, and the king were chosen by lottery, there would be perfect opportunity, but little equality to cheer about."

What de Lone wants, it turns out, is income redistribution to end "relative" poverty. His America, he writes, would be a place where "no family in the country has to live on an income of less than half the median for a family its size." Specifically, he advocates a standard income tax of 50 per cent combined with tax credits of $2,800 for each adult and $1,400 for each child. Thus, each family of four in the United States would have a guaranteed income of $8,400; a family of four earning $16,800 would keep everything it earned because its 50 percent tax would equal its $8,400 credit; and the same family earning $50,000 would keep $33,400 after paying the 50 percent tax and getting the $8,400 credit.

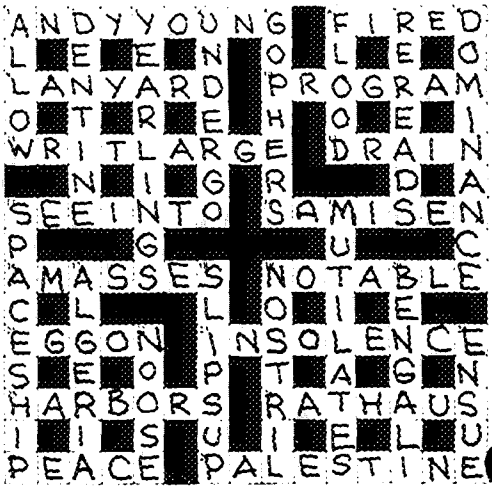
That single-tax and credit system, de Lone estimates, would "reduce the ratio between the top and bottom fifth of earners from its current eight to one to something like four to one."

The solution, to me, sounded better than the analysis de Lone used to get there. A lot of people on both the political left and right would agree on a simpler—and fairer—national tax system. But I have a suspicion that if de Lone's system worked and accomplished what he wanted he would still be dissatisfied because "relative" poverty would still exist. What he doesn't like is the bell curve. (De Lone, incidentally, seems to be begging for an American population explosion—families, after all, would then be rewarded for adding children.)

Small Futures was better in the reading than in the reviews. There is a great deal of economic injustice in the country—as there has to be in an enterprising free society—but the place is not, as far as I can tell, the prison de Lone describes. Upward mobility, fairly or unfairly, is a function of where you begin, and I can't find the seething unrest that should be there if de Lone is right. Most of the people I stumble across feel that they have been "relatively" mobile.

Still, his analysis is important and may become increasingly so. What will happen to the American belief in moral and intellectual dependence upon "equal opportunity" if, in the future, there is significantly less opportunity? Isn't that what we're facing, or at least talking about, with diminishing natural resources and visions of a no-growth society? There is, I think, something quite wrong about *Small Futures*—now. But it may be a book ahead of its time. ■

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in November

Affluence and Discontent: The Anatomy of Consumer Societies. Eugene Linden. Viking, $10.

The Almanac of American Politics 1980. Michael Barone, Grant Ujifusa, Douglas Matthews. Dutton, $19.95/$10.95.

America Made: Men Who Shaped the American Economy. Harold C. Livesay. Little, Brown, $11.95.

Charity U.S.A.: An Investigation into the Hidden World of the Multibillion Dollar Charity Industry. Carl Bakal. Times, $15. Despite Bakal's intention to write "a candid behind-the-scenes, inside view of charity in action, much as John Gunther's classic *Inside USA* offered a study of democracy in action," this book turns out to be largely a compendium of facts with about as strong a viewpoint as the Manhattan phone book. There is good material here, such as a well-executed critique of the United Way and an excellent account of the grotesque ritual of "card-calling" at a United Jewish Appeal dinner. But the book fails to answer most of the questions it raises.

Typical is Bakal's chapter, "The Volunteer: Saint or Scab," which merely recites the predictable opinions of everyone from the Junior League to the National Organization for Women without coming to anything resembling a conclusion. Bakal never even discusses such important developments as the large-scale federal funding of such seemingly charitable organizations as the Visiting Nurse Association, Goodwill Industries, and the Florence Crittenden homes for unwed mothers. Even in dealing with deceptive fund-raising, Bakal never looks within charitable organizations to examine the internal tensions between the fund-raisers and the program directors. This is a book that tells you more than you ever wanted to know about charity, while skirting every tough issue in sight.

—*Walter Shapiro*

Civil Rights and the Crisis of Liberalism. J.F. Martin. Westview, $20.

Counsel for the Defense: The Autobiography of Paul O'Dwyer. Paul O'Dwyer. Simon & Schuster, $10.95.

Crusaders and Pragmatists: Movers of Modern American Foreign Policy. John G. Stoessinger. Norton, $16.95.

The Democrats: From Jefferson to Carter. Robert A. Rutland. Louisiana State, $12.95.

Duel for the Middle Kingdom: The Struggle Between Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung for Control of China. William Morwood. Everest, $15.95.

Electronic Democracy: The Impact of Television on the American Political Process. Anne Saldich. Praeger, $18.95.

Encounter at Shimoda: Search for a New Pacific Partnership. Herbert Passin, Akira Iriye, eds. Westview, $20.

Energy: The Next Twenty Years. Ford Foundation Study Group. Ballinger, $25/$9.95.

The First Lady. Ron Nessen. Playboy, $9.95. (fiction)

First Strike. Douglas Terman. Scribner's, $10.95.

Foreign Policy by Congress. Thomas M. Franck, Edward Weisband. Oxford, $15.

The Full Employment Alternative. Andrew Levison. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, $9.95.

Ideological Coalitions in Congress. Jerrold E. Schneider. Greenwood, $22.50.

I'm Mad As Hell: The Exclusive Story of the Tax Revolt and Its Leader. Howard Jarvis with Robert Pack. Times, $9.95. And now. . . heeeeere's *Howard*! The man who brought you the 13th Proposition brings you the inevitable book about how he did it. Shucks, twarn't nawthin' to it, really—any good old boy with a bundle of money and a gift for demagoguery could of did it, especially in California, where they were already looking over their shoulders wide-eyed with fear, a ready-made mob waiting for someone to lead them to the lynching. Jarvis was the man for the job.

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The formula that worked so well in California works pretty well in his book, too; he is one part scourge, one part everybody's gruff-but-lovable-favorite-grandfather. Wisely, he avoids any substantive discussion of economics. In his treatment of the press he is relentless, and even his detractors will be amused by the pithiness of his attacks—"I got an appointment with [*The San Jose Mercury*] editorial board. There was a long table with a bunch of 'journalists' around it. I laid out the whole picture. . . . The publisher, a young fellow named Tony Ridder, who got to where he is on the basis of inheritance rather than brains or ability, was disagreeing with every word I said. . . ." But shooting-publishers-in-a-barrel is kid stuff, of course, and so is this book, for the most part.

—*Thomas N. Bethell*

Injury to Insult: Unemployment, Class, and Political Response. Kay Lehman Schlozman, Sidney Verba. Harvard, $20. For years, theorists of class conflict have busied themselves with the question, why is there no socialism in America? This book is a dense, tightly-reasoned attempt to answer the question in another form: why has unemployment, which is so painful to its victims and whose effects are so disproportionately concentrated on one group of people, produced so little coherent political pressure? Why, since the Depression, has there been no real mobilization of the unemployed, while the blacks and other groups have shown the power of organized protest?

The authors' answer builds up to a model of political participation in which people participate on the basis of beliefs and ideals—ideals of individual mobility, of private enterprise—at least as much as for clear economic reasons. The most interesting material in the book is the evidence that such ideals are remarkably similar, no matter where you look in the American social hierarchy. Seventy per cent of the professionals and managers in the authors' surveys believe that "hard work is the most important factor in getting ahead;" 67 per cent of those in the lowest economic category agree. Forty-three percent of the highest occupational group feel that "the chances for success are distributed fairly;" 40 per cent of the lowest group agree. "We find no relationship," the authors say, "between occupational level and belief in opportunities for success."

One other nugget is statistical confirmation of a trend many have suspected: that

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being your own boss is no longer the American way. In 1939, the higher your occupational status, the more eager you were to go into business for yourself. In those days, four out of five white-collar workers dreamed of opening their own businesses. Now only one of three white-collar workers wants to run his own business, and the only willing entrepreneurs are the unemployed. Self-employment was once a way to take big risks in hope of big rewards, the authors say; now it is attractive only to those who hope to minimize the risks of "being laid off or given menial work when they grow older."

—*James Fallows*

The Interpol Connection: An Inquiry into the International Criminal Police Organization. Trevor Meldal-Johnsen, Vaughn Young. Dial, $9.95. What is Interpol? An elite corps that stamps cocaine out at the source? Tracks down former Nazis, takes cases too big for one nation to handle alone? That's what Interpol would like us to believe, but nothing, it seems, would be further from the truth.

An international police association based in Austria before the Second World War, Interpol was taken over by the Nazis with the invasion of Austria. We seemed unable to grasp this, and the FBI continued corresponding with Interpol-Berlin until three days before we entered the war. (The book includes an Interpol/SS chief's request for a photo of Hoover, "with perhaps a little dedication.")

Why this totally compromised organization wasn't finished with the war is testimony to the ability of police to cover their own tracks. The "new" Interpol provided prestige employment and cover for a number of former SS men. As late as 1972 Interpol was run by a former SS officer, and it is still run by former collaborators.

And not only *former* collaborators. As the authors tell it, corruption is still big Interpol business, with agents big and small guilty of everything from bribe-taking and drug-running to looking the other way when the right people call for it. Perhaps the proof is Interpol's dismal conviction record, less than five per cent of its cases. Interpol is not even an international police force, but a private organization that is 80 percent French. Why any nation would want to belong is beyond imagining, yet our departments of Treasury and Justice fought each other for the right to join and pay dues.

—*Blythe Babyak*

The Lawsuit Lottery. Jeffrey O'Connell. Free Press, $10.95. A persuasive indictment of the way the legal system handles personal injury cases, written by the Illinois law professor who, along with Robert Keeton, created the no-fault approach.

Lend-Lease, Loans, and the Coming of the Cold War: A Study of the Implementation of Foreign Policy. Leon C. Martel. Westview, $24.50.

Life Sentence. Charles W. Colson. Word Books, $10.

Limited War Revisited. Robert E. Osgood. Westview, $15.

The Mirage. Zay N. Smith, Pamela Zekman. Random House, $10. When *The Chicago Sun-Times* decided to buy a bar a few years ago, it had one basic motive in mind: it wanted to write some great newspaper stories. This it did, of course, with its now-famous series documenting the pervasive corruption in the world of small business in Chicago. The reporter/bar owners had to bribe officials to stay in operation, were advised on ways to cheat on their taxes—and they wrote it all down, took pictures of the guilty with their hidden cameras, named names. They wrote, in other words, an extraordinary series they could have gotten in no other way.

If you want to read the results of their work, I suggest you go to the library and leaf through *The Chicago Sun-Times* for the months of January and February 1978. What you shouldn't do is read this book. In the first place, a good two thirds of the book has been lifted directly from the stories—just given chapter headings instead of headlines. That may sound pretty good, but in truth, newspaper stories don't often translate well into books and this is no exception. The writing is exceptionally choppy. The compilation of facts that seemed so startling when staring off the front page of the *Sun-Times* now seems tedious, lacking in the kind of richness of detail and thought that is needed to sustain writing that is book-length—indeed, much of this stuff is dull.

The other problem is that the parts of the book that describe "how they did it"—how they bought the bar, set it up, got the goods on the officials who visited their bar—are written in the third-person style popularized by Woodward and Bernstein in *All*

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the President's Men. Unfortunately, the writing is so pedestrian that it seems a parody of the Woodward/Bernstein style. ("It was no place for a story conference. Pamela Zekman knew that much. . . . But James Hoge, editor of *The Chicago Sun-Times,* saw no reason to waste the moment. It was the afternoon of February 25, 1976. . . .")

So one comes away from this book wondering why they bothered writing it. Zekman and Smith wrote a good story—nay, a great story. They should have left well enough alone.

—*Joseph Nocera*

Moving Millions: An Inside Look at Mass Transit. Stanley Fischler. Harper & Row, $14.95.

On the Hill: A History of the American Congress. Alvin Josephy. Simon & Schuster, $15.95.

Our Day and Generation. Edward M. Kennedy. Simon & Schuster, $12.95.

The President, the Budget, and Congress: Impoundment and the 1974 Budget Act. James P. Pfiffner. Westview, $17.50/$8.

Promise and Performance: Carter Builds a New Administration. Bruce Adams, Kathryn Kavanaugh-Baran. Lexington, $19.95. It may be early for histories of the Carter administration, but by telling the stories of President Carter's early appointments, the authors have produced a thorough and reasonably absorbing explanation of how the administration first chose the path that led to the place it finds itself today. The material is laid out in methodical rather than dazzling style; the authors give Carter credit for taking the selection of a vice-president seriously, for his well-meaning creation of "talent banks" and appointment advisory boards, for his insistence on tough conflict-of-interest standards, and for his intention to bring new faces to government.

The trouble, they say, lay in the execution of these noble plans: failing to coordinate the efforts of the numerous talent banks, repeating Richard Nixon's early mistake of leaving the selection of sub-cabinet officials to the Cabinet secretaries, forgetting that anyone besides the President's few personal friends had political concerns worth accommodating, and generally displaying little understanding that the whole operation could not be run out of Carter's (or Hamilton Jordan's) hip pocket, as the campaign had been. Although the authors are from Common Cause, the book is almost entirely free of the Good Government disdain for "politics" that characterizes Common Cause at its worst. The authors quote, with respectful understanding, the comment of a Chicago politician that "politics is the art of putting people under obligation to you."

As an early history, the book indirectly suggests that Hamilton Jordan may look worse, not better, as memory of today's "scandals" fades and he comes to be judged on his works. Someone should have been in charge of making the personnel systems run, accommodating reasonable political demands, recruiting genuine talent, and establishing the President's legitimate influence over appointments to the sub-Cabinet. Jordan, the authors say, could or would not do these things himself—and would not let anyone else try.

The book also contains a collection of Carter Whoppers—exemplars of the unrestrained hyperbole that leads Carter to call his every associate "superb." One illustration: A month after taking office, Carter told a group of students how terrible it was that "ambassadors and other very important persons have been appointed not on the basis of merit, but on the basis of political payoff. This will never again be done in the next four years." Shortly afterwards, the American Foreign Service Association attacked five of Carter's ambassadorial nominees who "even by stretching the criteria have neither requisite foreign affairs experience nor other background to merit their selection. They appear to be old-style patronage appointments." One of this number was William B. Schwartz, a real estate man from Atlanta and president of the Weine Investment Corporation, who claimed no background in foreign affairs but had worked in the Carter campaign and contributed $2,000 in 1974 and 1975. Carter nominated him to go to the Bahamas, and he was confirmed by the Senate. At his swearing-in ceremony, according to a *Washington Post* account cited in the book, Hamilton Jordan "was among those jockeying for a weekend at the residence of the new U.S. ambassador to the Bahamas," while Carter was assuring one and all that the appointment was based "100 per cent on merit."

—*James Fallows*

Regulation, Economics, and the Law. Bernard H. Seigan, ed. Lexington, $21.95.

Rhetoric and Reality: Presidential Commissions and the Making of Public Policy. Terrence R. Tutchings. Westview, $18.50.

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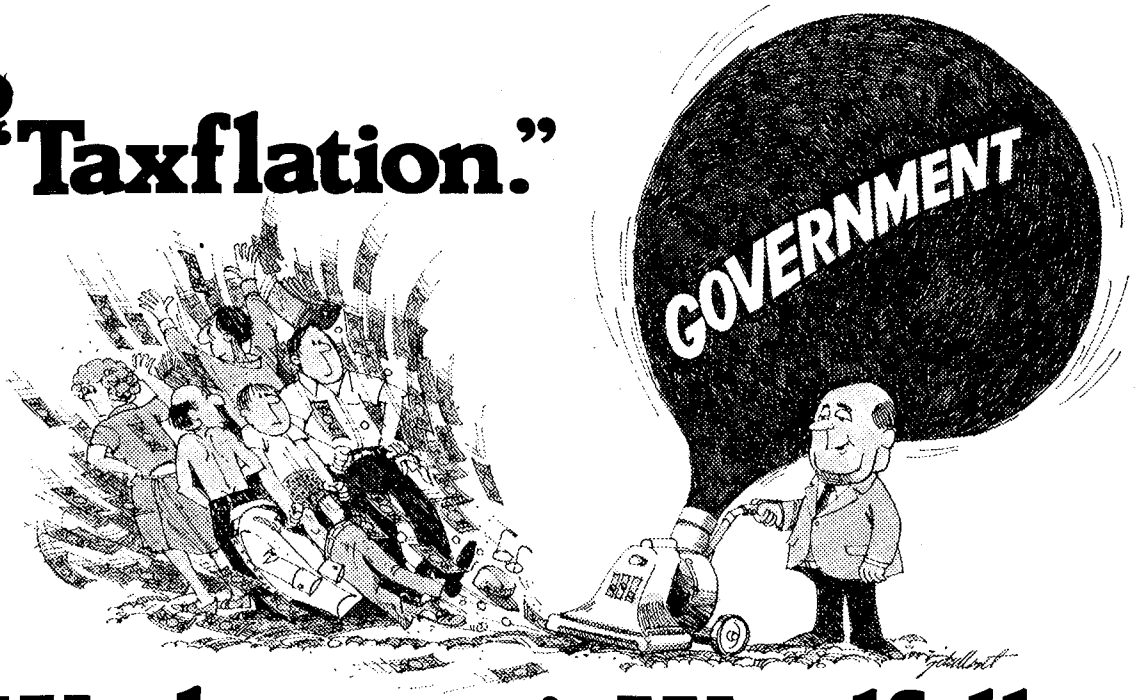
"Taxflation."



Washington's Windfall Profits.

While Congress and the President talk about "windfall profits" of the oil companies, let's not overlook another form of windfall: the excess taxes government collects because of inflation.

If the cost-of-living goes up 10 percent, revenue going into the federal treasury increases by about 16 percent. Put another way, when a worker gets a pay raise to keep up with the cost of living, that worker is pushed into a higher tax bracket. That means more taxes paid on what he or she earns. More money for the government, less buying power for the individual.

This year's "taxflation" windfall to the federal government is estimated to be about $15 billion. That is $15 billion that could have been used to strengthen the economy.

There is a certain hypocrisy about debating a tax on windfall profits in one sector of the economy, while ignoring the burden of higher taxes caused by inflation in another. Inflation can be corrected by responsible fiscal and monetary policies on the part of the federal government.

The percent of Gross National Product dedicated to the federal budget is now about 22 percent. But tax receipts last year were only about 19.5 percent of GNP. Both the amount of tax receipts and the amount of GNP which goes to federal spending must be reduced and *brought into balance.* A figure of about 18 percent of GNP by 1983 is a reasonable goal.

Small across-the-board budget cuts of about 5 percent a year would put the nation close to its goal of balanced federal budgets and reduce inflation. And that would be a windfall for all of us. Amway Corporation, Ada, MI 49355.

Amway

One of a series of messages to stimulate public dialogue about significant national issues.

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"Can some Gulf people from Tacoma light up New York? We did—with liquid coal!"

"It happened last October," says Gulf Plant Manager J.K. Ward. "During a week of tests, the solvent-refined coal that we made in Tacoma, Washington, helped light up Manhattan.

"It's a lot easier and cheaper to transport liquid coal than the solid, lumpy kind."

"Of course, scores of Gulf people helped create and develop SRCII (that means solvent-refined coal) and the processes we use to make it.

"We're all enthusiastic about the test. SRCII did all we expected. It looks like oil. It pumps like oil. Best of all, it burns as clean as high-grade fuel oil: emissions were well under the new EPA standards. But it's c liquefied and with almost all the pollutants left out.

"SRCII is still experimental. Gulf and the U.S. Department of Energy are working on it together to develop a practical alternative to imported crude oil.

"But we know how to make it on a small scale; we know it will burn well. The next step is to find out if SRCII can be produced in large quantities, and produced economically. If this can be done, then liquid coal could be used instead of precious petroleum by utilities, industry and consumers, reducing America's reliance on imported crude oil.

"We've got a few centuries' supply of coal here in the U.S. Someday, instead of helping light up New York, we may be lighting up many of the cities on the East Coast.

"Responsible energy management is a big challenge. Clean-burning liquid coal is one of the ways Gulf is meeting that challenge."

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challen

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